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The Week

THE longer the Ruhr occupation lasts, the more frequently clashes between the mob and the troops, such as the one which took place last week at Essen, will occur. For the longer the troops remain the more surly and resentful the temper of the people will become; and the more resentful the people are the more nervous and panic-stricken small detachments of the occupying army will act whenever their safety is really or apparently threatened by a mob. There is no way in which government by soldiers of a protesting population can be made tolerable or safe. Considering the way in which such affairs are ordinarily and necessarily managed, the French military occupation of the Ruhr is probably attended by less unnecessary brutality than is frequently the case under similar circumstances. But at best it is revolting. The French army is obliged to assert its authority by means of terror, and government by terror is always an abomination. It has a tendency to become more abominable in proportion as the purpose for which the government by terror is established arouses in the minds of its victims determined moral as well as physical resistance.

IF it be true, as is announced, that the Japanese and American governments have agreed to cancel the Lansing-Ishii agreement, the cancellation will terminate an extremely discreditable episode in American diplomacy. This agreement was reached between the State Department and the Japanese Foreign Office by an exchange of notes which pledged the American government to recognize the "special interests" of Japan in China. President Wilson's decision to utter this pledge anticipated the decision which he subsequently reached to yield Shantung to Japan and was the first of several decisions in which he compromised important traditional objects of American foreign policy for the supposed benefit of Allied victory in the war. Japanese public opinion was declared to be wavering between loyalty and disloyalty to the Allied cause, and its government, so it was claimed, might desert to the Germans unless it was assured of a substantial reward for its virtue at the expense of China. So Mr. Wilson authorized Mr. Lansing to recognize the special interests of Japan. Of course he interpreted the phrase in a sense different from that in which the Japanese interpreted it. To them it meant that in the future the American attitude towards the Japanese political and economic aggrandizement in China would be much more accommodating. To the State Department it meant a recognition only that owing to the proximity of Japan to China and the necessary economic and political interdependence of the two countries, Japan's interests in China were sharply distinguished from those of an American or European country. But the Chinese, whose consent to this agreement about their own status was never asked, naturally accepted the Japanese interpretation. As long as the agreement remained nominally binding, it was bound to be a source of misunderstanding among the three governments and of doubt as to the situation of the landmarks in Far Eastern politics. Its concellation is all to the good.

WE sincerely hope that the cancellation, as contrasted with the original agreement, means what it appears to mean. Taken in connection with her retirement from Siberia it appears to mean a defi-

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nite renunciation by Japan of a policy of territorial aggrandizement on the Asiatic continent. Or course she retains her lease of the Liao-tung Peninsula, the renewal of which she forced upon China in 1915, and she retains the South Manchurian Railroad, its accompanying economic concessions and Korea. But apparently she is willing to abandon the more grandiose plans which she cherished during the period of her entente with Russia and during the war. If this is true, the decision is an immensely encouraging development for which every lover of peace should return thanks to the Japanese government. It tends to confirm the hope which the Washington Conference raised that the political and economic problems of the Pacific will be adjusted without war and on the basis ultimately of some generally accepted assertion of international right.

ONE of our French correspondents, a staunch liberal who has fought the militaristic tendencies of his country all his life, taxes us with undue acerbity in our treatment of French policy. The invasion of the Ruhr, he agrees, is monstrous business, but how about our own race war? More people are shamefully done to death in a year of that unending war than are likely to be slain in a year of the Franco-German war in the Ruhr. The conventional American excuse for lynching, that it serves to protect white womanhood against outrage, looks flimsy to this foreign observer, in comparison with the conventional French excuse for the oppression of Germany—that it serves to protect French women and children against the horrors of German conquest. We admit that the American excuse is weaker than the French. We admit that there is deeper turpitude in American tolerance of lynching than in French tolerance of imperialistic excesses on the Rhine and the Ruhr. But the danger to civilization ensuing from the sins of French policy are greater than that arising from our race disorders. French policy is courting another war and war is the greatest obstacle to the humanizing process on which the solution of our race problem, as well as a host of other civil problems, depends.

WHO caused the failure of Germany's $50,000,000 loan, only twenty-five percent of which was subscribed? The Reparations Commission probably had something to do with it by hinting that the funds for repayment would be subject to confiscation; but the general situation of Germany must bear even more of the blame. Holders of earlier German issues have seen them virtually repudiated through mark depreciation; and while this loan is in dollars the general situation remains thoroughly unsafe from the investor's point of view. A man who has served four years of a thirty or forty year prison sentence is a poor credit risk; and that is substantially the German position. Before her securities will be easily negotiable again the sum of reparations must be fixed, the mark stabilized and perhaps a moratorium granted. Even then any new bond issue will need to be guaranteed by the governments of several other powers. The credit of a nation, once smashed, cannot be put together again overnight with a bit of glue and a string.

SOME time ago there broke into the front columns of the papers a peonage scandal in Florida, apparently involving even the governor himself. As usual, there was some excitement, but no action. So of course we were bound sooner or later to be reminded once again that peonage had been going right on regardless of the row in the newspapers. This time it is the case of a boy from North Dakota who was caught stealing a ride in Florida. He was given the choice between a $25 fine and ninety days in jail. His family sent money to pay the fine, but it was returned by the Sheriff, J. R. Jones. So the boy went to work for the Putnam Lumber Company, which has leased all Florida's "able-bodied male prisoners for the term of one year." In the company's lumber camp he suffered ill-treatment which resulted in his death. Here is the chance to get to the bottom of peonage, and stamp it out if possible. One should be thankful that the officials of the state of North Dakota are thoroughly angry at the outrage and determined not only to avenge it, but to make its repetition impossible.

LABOR is about to pass a second milestone on the long road toward control of industry through ownership. Union-run banks are no novelty since the railroad men's successful experiment in Cleveland; now come "H. W. Morgan and Co., Inc.," investment bankers, organized by a group of labor leaders to underwrite enterprises, "sound in character, and in which labor can buy control." Matthew Woll, vice president, and D. J. Tobin, treasurer of the A. F. of L., Frank Farrington, president of the Illinois branch of the United Mine Workers, and numerous other union officials are among the organizers. It is true that workers' ownership of business enterprise in this form will solve no social problems unless and until it becomes the prevailing arrangement, and perhaps not even then, since it is still absentee proprietorship. The brotherhood bank in Cleveland has done no more than to force up interest rates on deposits in that city, and enable the small borrower to negotiate a loan on less humiliating terms than usual—praiseworthy but not profoundly revolutionary developments. However, an enterprise which teaches the workers to think in terms of both management and ownership cannot fail to be useful; and especially if H. W. Morgan and Company are able in any degree to live up to their announced intention to "eliminate indus-

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trial waste and certain unsound practices and special privileges in the field of finance and credit that levy toll on production to which they do not contribute."

ALL over New England textile wages are being raised, ten, twelve and a half and fifteen percent, partly in response to union pressure, but chiefly in response to the general upward trend of prices. As usual, the advance in wages lags behind the advance in prices. The rates fixed today will in all probability be inadequate two months hence. Americans are loud in their condemnation of European countries which fail to stabilize their currency. It is strange that they do not realize that we have a serious problem in stabilization right here. If we must retain a price system which keeps alive the romance of speculation, we might at least tie up wages with the price movement so that the pay envelope would automatically expand or shrink with the cost of living. Our present scheme of lagging readjustments not only works grave injustice, but produces an enormous volume of friction between employer and employee, to the grave prejudice of industrial efficiency and the public welfare.

THE report of the Committee of the National Unemployment Conference made public by Mr. Hoover is good so far as it goes. By a better information service, it suggests, private industry can guard itself against the hectic spurts of expansion that render collapse and depression inevitable. Public bodies can go a considerable way toward stabilizing production by deferring improvements in time of prosperity and resuming activity when the movement of private enterprise flags. These are useful suggestions. But the emphasis laid upon such minor palliatives shows that American business leaders are not yet ready to grapple seriously with the problem of depression. When they are, they will come out squarely for a program of employment insurance that will compel the periods of expansion to assume the burden of easing off the hardships of the ensuing depression.

THE taxation program agreed upon by the Progressive bloc in the House includes a constitutional amendment bringing tax exempt securities within the taxing power of the federal government, and permitting the taxation of stock dividends, increased inheritance taxes, taxes on gifts, a retroactive tax on corporate surplusses and an excess profits tax. More important than any of these specific measures is the proposal of legislation requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to make the tax records public. Millions of Americans who have been pinched in the coal famine would read with avidity official statement of the profits earned by the coal operators and distributors. Nothing would work more effectively toward inducing the mass of property owners to draw the line between reasonable returns to property and shameless profiteering.

PRESIDENT HARDING, it is unofficially reported, has almost been convinced by General Dawes and the "business interests" of the expediency of making his fight for reelection on the open-shop, "law and order" issue. American politics would gain much in clearness and reality if the President were to pursue such a course. The party of the reaction would have a chance to assemble under a single banner instead of remaining as a source of confusion in both of the major parties. They would not be embarrassed by the presence of liberals in their camp. If the country is with them, as they believe, they would have a chance to try out their theories of social order. If, as we believe, they have only to come out into the open to be completely snowed under, that would be a healthy thing for them as well as for the country at large. It is time for a show down between the friends and the enemies of American democracy.

FALLEN Greece, as the schoolmasters have repeated for two thousand years, conquered her conquerors by her culture. The same may be said of the victorious potency of German Kultur. America shows evidence of succumbing to its intolerance, its narrow and bigoted nationalism. The widespread movement for the falsification of history, in the supposed interest of Americanization, gives striking testimony to the growing influence of Kultur. The latest incident in this movement is the barring of histories by Albert Bushnell Hart and C. H. Van Tyne from the San José Carnegie library, by a little Kaiser named Fellom. Those books don't take the Fathers seriously enough. Nor do they make American Revolutionary events sufficiently imposing. Fellom does not argue that the two distinguished historians have written anything but the truth. But what is truth to Kultur?

The Importance of German Resistance

IN England they describe the existing phase of the contest between France and Germany in the Ruhr as trench warfare. The analogy is substantially true. It is a war of attrition. France has seized Germany by the throat, and if she can hold on long enough, she can force the Germans into a spasm of convulsive madness which, no matter whether they accept or reject the French terms, will push them a long way towards national moral dissolution. But France herself is physically depleted and her grip on the throat of Germany is

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a severe tax on her resources. The question is, which of the two combatants can hold out the longer? M. Poincaré predicts the collapse of Germany sometime in May and he may well prophesy from information rather than from the expectation of desire. But the Germans have shown up to date an unexpected power of moral resistance. They feel, just as the French felt during the war, that they are fighting for their survival as a nation, and under such a stimulus men are capable of surprising endurance and gallantry. They are still to all appearances going strong. France, on the other hand, is suffering more severely from the strain than appears on the surface, as Mr. Patterson's article published elsewhere in this issue indicates. Although France has much the better chance of victory, there is still a real doubt about the ultimate verdict.

It is becoming clearer every day that if the Germans are not themselves able to protect their independence, it will remain unprotected. They will not obtain the assistance which they need from any other country. No doubt the drift of opinion throughout Europe is increasingly anti-French. No doubt British opposition in particular is growing steadily in volume and intensity. No doubt France's Allies are little by little falling away, and France's opponents are gradually gathering the courage of desperation. Still there is no indication as yet of the formation of an anti-French coalition, sufficiently numerous, united and resolute to stop the existing French government from proceeding to refashion Germany into an economic and political tributary of France. Yet if nothing is done to stop the French government now, and if it succeeds in forcing a German government to sign a treaty of self-subjugation or in provoking a nationalist revolution in Germany, Europe will have succumbed to a régime resting on temporarily irresistible force, unparalled, except for the episode of Napoleonism, since the end of the Thirty Years War.

The goal towards which the French government is moving and the route by which it proposes to travel is becoming clearer every day. Its objective is a revision of the Treaty of Versailles which will detach the Rhineland and the Saar Basin permanently from Germany and keep German politics and industry subordinate to those of France. It cannot accomplish so drastic a political revolution in Europe by means of conference or negotiation. It can only succeed by the adroit use of compulsion. The obstacles to compulsion are first the Germans, and second the Allies and associates of France in the Great War. If these opponents should act together, the French government could hardly attain its objective. They must be kept apart and their resistance overcome separately. This the French have attempted to do first by sending an army into Germany and crushing in advance German opposition. At the same time they have warned the American and the European governments that they would regard any interference as an unfriendly act and by their resolute and menacing attitude they have intimidated their Allies and purchased a franchise to coerce Germany as much as they please. They expect, consequently, before June first to extort what will amount to a renunciation of national independence from some kind of German government.

Obviously, however, a separate treaty with Germany would only be the cornerstone of French domination in Europe. In order to rear the building, the French government must secure the guarantee of France's privileged position from the other European countries. This it expects to do by presenting Europe with the accomplished fact of a separate treaty. As soon as the signature of a German government is obtained, the French themselves may propose a general conference, the object of which would be to obtain a European and, if possible, American ratification of the arrangement. In that event the "settlement" will be coated with a varnish of internationalism. The territory which they detach from Germany will be placed under a régime which is supposed to be demilitarized, but which for all essential purposes will become a part of France, and Frenchmen will dominate any international commission which is set up for its administration just as they have dominated the Saar, Rhineland and Reparations Commissions. In addition the French will obtain a recorded and confirmed mortgage on the future product of German labor, a guarantee of all the coal needed by their Lorraine steel plants and the right to repeat the invasion of Germany whenever the German nation gives indication of renewed insubordination. The Germans themselves once having signed and the rest of Europe having already consented to the process of coercion by which the signature was obtained, Russia would be the only country likely to stand out against the result. It would be called "peace" just as the Treaty of Versailles was called a "peace," and many good people all over the world who are in favor of peace would find good reasons to accept it.

The serious obstacle to the success of this plan does not, consequently, consist in a probably effective opposition from the Allies and associates of France. Their time to oppose it, if at all, is now or in the near future and the success up to date of the French government in preventing any European or American country from interfering and from doing anything to encourage Germany, makes it extremely probable that it will be equally successful until the end. The only serious obstacle to the success of the French plan is German resistance. Should the resistance of the Germans be sufficiently prolonged and desperate, they will not only do much to weaken the French political and economic position, but they may in the end render some measure of general European intervention

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unavoidable. The only way in which they can preserve what is left of their independence and possibly reconstitute Germany as a respected member of the European society of nations, is to avoid a repetition of the mistake which they made at Versailles. Rather revolution and temporary anarchy than another promise to commit national suicide. For revolution and anarchy will create a political whirlpool in central Europe so violent and unmanageable that the French government cannot handle it alone. The success of its present intention depends on its ability to dispose of the opponents of its plans in detail and to take care of the consequences of its violence without assistance. If ever it loses control, it will have to purchase by drastic concessions the support which in that event it cannot get along without.

Dorothy Keenan and "Mr. Marshall"

ON the morning of March 15th a girl who called herself Dorothy King was found dead in a New York apartment house. There was an empty bottle labelled "chloroform" beside her, but beyond her reach; nothing to tell by whose hand she met her death. Jewels reported to be worth $20,000 were missing. It developed shortly that the girl's name was Keenan; that she was one of those daughters of Broadway who lives upon the gifts of friendly gentlemen of fortune; and that foremost among her admirers, a caller whose ten visits had yielded the accurately divisible sum of ten thousand dollars, was a certain unknown "Mr. Marshall."

For a time that was all the news forthcoming. "Mr. Marshall" was the last person known to have seen the girl alive; he left her apartment in the early hours of the morning. For a disclosure of the identity of this unknown guest, several newspapers in New York set up an insistent clamor. The disclosure came sensationally. On the ninth day following the girl's death, "Mr. Marshall" was revealed as a prominent Philadelphia financier, a son-in-law of one partner in the great banking house of J. P. Morgan.

Now the Keenan case has all the elements of a successful penny dreadful. It has mystery. It has violence. It has sex. It furnishes, in the unmasking of its unknown "Mr. Marshall", a surprise which the most optimistic editor could scarcely have surmised. Small wonder, then, that newspapers from one coast to the other have made the most of it; that every paper dated March 24th and 25th which has come into this office, whether from Gopher Prairie or Chicago, has made a first-page "story" of the Keenan case; that the Louisville Courier-Journal uses display type to recall the fate of other "Broadway Butterflies" who met "Violent Deaths in Pitfalls Besetting Primrose Path"; that Easter Sunday finds the News (New York) with "Mitchell Grilled" across the first page, and "He is Risen," on the last; that the Buffalo Courier commiserates in huge italics with "Innocent Woman Dragged into Notoriety by 'Model Murder' "—and then prints a picture underneath that caption, dragging her a little further. Not since the halcyon days of the Hall-Mills case has the press had so good a chance to revel. Headlines have been tossed around like German marks. When the staid Springfield Republican leaves its corner, somewhat haltingly but apparently convinced it had better join the dance, a good deal has been said upon the much-debated topic of "what the public wants."

It would be a world strangely different from our twentieth century sample in which one might expect the newspapers to ignore a shoddy drama like the Keenan story, or even treat it as if it were no more important, say, than an earthquake in China. When so vast a public has a life so tame, emotionally and intellectually, that it derives a vicarious enjoyment from a Keenan story, we have no intention of setting ourselves up as critics of the press because the press complies. How far this sort of public interest is the native curiosity of a simian race, and how far it is the product of a good deal of tutoring by the press itself, is a study we have no desire to tackle at the present moment.

It happens, however, that newspaper narration of the Keenan story discloses one or two characteristics of the modern press in interesting fashion. We choose our data, here, from the New York papers, because files are readily available. And from those files we note, among other things, that papers with a reputation for conservatism in news-handling, papers catering to the squirearchy, are well up in the running with their stories of this Keenan case. The Times, with its News That's Fit to Print, has missed few of the more sordid items that attracted Mr. Hearst's American. It has averaged two full columns, daily, from the beginning of the story to the day that this is written (March 28th). It has lavished some 23,000 words on it, and come off second only to Mr. Hearst—who totalled 30,000. Eight times in thirteen days, the story has had first-page position. On March 25th, 26th and 27th the Times printed 9,300 words about the Keenan case; 3,500 about the Ruhr. We are not registering an objection. It interests us that the Times has proved itself so capable of meeting Mr. Hearst on his own ground.

More frankly sensational than the Times, of course, in its presentation of any news event, is the World. Dorothy Keenan has not left the first page of that paper since the story started; and with less space at its command, the World has run the Times a close race—with 22,000 words of narrative, distinguished by two special informative articles adventuring into Broadway terminology to define the relationship of "good-time girlies" to "heavy sugar daddies." The Herald and the

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Tribune have been averaging 1600 and 1300 words of the same news, each day. Even the Call, for all its social revolution, has shelved Marx and the class struggle long enough to give first place to melodrama. The Call is especially interested in the trial of William Z. Foster. The Call is also interested in the Ruhr. But on March 24th the Call gave three times as much space to Dorothy Keenan as to the Ruhr and Foster, lumped together, and it has maintained a rapid pace thereafter. Neither socialism nor respectability bars out the yellow of the yellow press, if the shade of yellow is close enough to saffron. One touch of murder makes the whole press Hearst.

That is one observation you might arrive at, from a survey of the files. A second is an interesting test of journalistic values. When does a scandal story qualify as first-page news? The World and the American, as we have noted, have kept the Keenan story on page 1 from the moment it began. But the three other morning papers show an interesting confirmation of each other's sense of values. On March 17th all three had the story out in front. It stayed there on the 18th. And on the 19th. Then, on the 20th, the Times dropped it inside. Next day the Tribune followed suit. Next day the Herald. Then, on the 24th, even before the identification of "Marshall," simultaneously all three brought it to the front again. And there it has stayed, for all three, ever since. Some Newton may ultimately discover a law of journalistic gravity.

There is still another angle from which this handling of the Keenan story may be viewed. And that is from the angle of the critic thoroughly convinced that the capitalist press is controlled hook, line and sinker in the interest of a ruling clique.

You can picture the development of the Keenan story as it might work out in the economic dramas of an Upton Sinclair. News of a mysterious story reaches the capitalist papers. It is a sensational story. It goes out on the first page. It is the policy of the capitalist press to make much of such things; yellow journalism, like Sunday baseball and the movies, keeps the proletariat from thinking overmuch about the social revolution. Even better is the story, as mystery begins to spin its web around the evasive "Mr. Marshall." But wait! This "Marshall," it develops, is son-in-law of a Morgan partner. Morgan is the centre of the whole controlling system. The interlocking directorates will never stand for that. To "kept editors" the word is passed along: "Tone down this Marshall business. And when the disclosure comes, *keep the Morgan angle out of it.*"

What happened, of course, was just the reverse. Every newspaper in New York, and every other paper we have seen, doubled or trebled the space it had been devoting to the Keenan case, the moment it discovered that "Marshall" was one of the country's wealthiest and most influential bankers. The Times, with a little over a column on the morning before the disclosure, went to five columns the next day. The Herald went from two to four; the Tribune from one to seven. It was association with great wealth that "made" the story. And in every one of these accounts, and again in every other account that we have seen, inside the first one hundred words came "J. P. Morgan." There was no reason why it needed to. The firm of J. P. Morgan had no conceivable connection with the affair. The newspapers would have been quite justified in refusing to drag it in. Instead of that, they flaunted it. Every paper in New York, and very likely every paper in America, had "Morgan" in the headlines Sunday morning.

We are hunting no lilies in the mire. We are trying to argue the integrity of nobody's press from this sorry incident in West 57th Street. When "sensationalism" clashed with any editorial reticence about offending the house of Morgan, "sensationalism" won. That is all. It is another observation from a survey of the files.

There are more. More than we have either space or liking for. The obvious one, of course, is that again the metropolitan press has revealed its kinship with the press of Main Street. On the evening of March 26th, every paper in the city put in headlines news that a man had started south to meet his wife. That man was suspected of no crime. He was a bystander in a discreditable affair—an ordinary mortal returning to his family. But every paper in the city voiced the same idea. As the Telegram put it: "Expect Model's 'Angel' to Tell Wife All Today."

The editors guessed that Main Street was gossiping. "What will he say to her when he sees her?"

And probably the editors were right.

Capitalism and the Ruhr

MODERN governments, say the socialists, are under the thumb of capitalism. They are under the domination of the money power, say thousands of men and women who hold nothing else in common with the socialists. Capitalism, the socialists further declare, cares nothing for national boundaries. Where its treasure is, there its heart beats, under whatever skies, whatever flag. Likewise it is declared by non-socialists that the money power is international. Not wholly, but it has as one of its most important constituents the "international bankers." We have a chance now to test the validity of these views. What is capitalism or the "money power" doing about the Ruhr?

It need scarcely be argued that the Ruhr concerns capitalism vitally. If it were nothing more, it is a house afire, among the banking buildings, the stock exchanges, the mansions and club houses

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of the chiefs of capitalism. The war destroyed a large fraction—perhaps a quarter—of the world's great capitalistic accumulations. There is hardly a fortune in all Europe east of the Rhine that escaped drastic diminution. What is more important, in all that vast area the war played havoc with the habits of thrift by which the masses regularly contributed their mites to the rich man's power. It threw the balance of political control into the hands of the agrarians, and it will be at least a generation before they can be forced to surrender their power to tax and regulate, to the disadvantage of large industry and finance. Among the victorious Allies the war gave an impetus to the taxation of wealth which will continue to operate through decades of peace. The war made new millionaires, but chiefly by a process of redistribution of fortunes that will not be completed until the last taxes on account of war have been paid. Does capitalism or the money power want another war to finish the work of the last? Not if it is sane.

But the Ruhr is something more than a house afire. Capitalistically considered, it is one of the most splendid of properties. The backbone of capitalism consists of the great credit institutions, agencies of transportation and the iron industries. A British steel plant produces rails for the Argentine government. That promises immediate freights for the merchant marine when the rails go out, and even more important freights when the railway line opens up new wheat and cattle lands. Argentine pays in bonds, which must be underwritten by the great banking houses before they can be distributed among the investors, the small mercenaries of capitalism. In all this round there is no opportunity for petty capital operating independently. It is the natural domain of large capital. Now, look at the Ruhr-Lorraine coke and iron district, the richest in the world outside of America. Before the war this was the strongest bastion of international capitalism. What is it now? Clemenceau, Wilson and Lloyd George, lackeys of capitalism, according to the socialists, permitted the iron to be split from the coal by a national boundary and provided no means whatever for restoring the economic unity.

Perhaps the lackeys simply misunderstood their instructions? There has been plenty of time for capitalism to effect a revision, if it really exerted a dominant influence over government. What the case demands from the point of view of capitalism is the permanent consolidation of the Ruhr and the Lorraine interests. Give the German coal and metallurgical companies a minority interest in Lorraine ore; give the Lorraine ore companies a minority interest in the coal and metallurgical plants of the Ruhr. The German end of combination is far the heavier, but the French could weigh down their end with a large part of the indemnity, making the French government a partner in the enterprise. And in order to make sure that neither the French nor the Germans misused a majority control, take in some outside interest—British or American—to hold the balance of power. Under some such arrangement the Ruhr-Lorraine district would soon be turning out vast volumes of rails, locomotives and machinery to quicken the commercial development of Africa, Asia, Russia, South America. Raw materials would begin to flow back in a copious stream, new factories would spring up, the prospect of profits would begin to reeducate a despairing population in thrift and the great capitalists would again feel secure.

Why has no such settlement been effected, or even publicly proposed? It is not, we believe, because the great captains of industry and finance are too stupid to see it. We suspect that something of the kind is in Judge Gary's mind, as he wanders about Europe talking suavely with the heads of governments and avoids talking with Stinnes, who has probably the same idea in his mind. We suspect that the great international bankers have similar ideas. But if they have, nothing has come of it. Nor, as we see it, is anything likely to come of it.

For capitalism, if it is in some aspects a powerful political force, is practically impotent to work out and put into effect a program serviceable to its interests. There have been cases in history in which an aristocracy has held its own against overwhelming odds and moulded all political institutions to its will. But an aristocracy developed easily a system of personal loyalties that made cohesion possible. Duke A stood for God and his right; Duke B had no desire to encroach on it; therefore they could stand loyally back to back and fight off the common enemy. In capitalism, on the other hand, universal cannibalism is the rule. Capitalist strives against capitalist, and every conference to work out plans of meeting the common enemy is at the same time a game of overreaching. Stinnes, Loucheur and Gary could settle the Ruhr problem if the economic power they hold were wielded with aristocratic punctilio. But they are capitalists. Their whole lives have been built up on principles of overreaching and cannibalism. They dare not trust one another. But suppose they did. They are not absolute monarchs, but leaders of packs that would devour them, if they showed any sign of weakening.

There is no loyalty in capitalism, and therefore there is no cohesion upon which a policy defending the general capitalistic interest can be based. It is no accident that the political ideal of capitalism is laissez faire. Even the most bloated giant of wealth can think of only one prayer: "Please let me alone." The ghosts of Charlemagne, Richelieu and Napoleon count for more in the Ruhr than all the capitalists in the world, trembling before the menace of another war.

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Bob Veal

A BUTCHER of our acquaintance has been telling us about veal. There are several kinds of veal. There is a distinctly adult variety of veal which differs from beef only in name. Then there is veal of a just and ripe age, neither precocious nor mature. Then there is a villainous sub-veal, carved from an animal of too tender age. Only very rarely will a dishonest or inexpert butcher kill the calf in pre-veal infancy, and supply chops of infanticide to your table. If he does, and you eat them, you will be nauseated, mildly perhaps, but still nauseated. And bob veal is the name of the poisonous meat.

Bob veal is a good name for a lot of things in the world. A green apple is about the same thing, if you eat it. So is fresh paint, when you have put your fingers into it. When the curtain rises to disclose, among the actors, a stage-hand, when today drinks wine made only yesterday, when unseasoned wood is made into a floor, when the dear child's poems are sent to the bindery, it is a case of bob veal, of mild poisoning to reader and audience. When the coming generation, having learned new words, rushes with them into print, then is our calf slain in his uneatable adolescence.

There is at present an epidemic, almost like an epidemic of suicide, of young people killing themselves before their time for the benefit of a public which seems to be immune to bob veal in art and literature. Was there ever a time when youth, as such, found so many throats waiting to swallow it? Smith, the young sculptor, Jones, the young poet, Robinson, the young novelist—you hear the phrase everywhere, and if you listen carefully you will realize that here "young" means almost the same thing as "good." Whereas, if you stop to think, you will realize that the middle aged mediocrities, who are perhaps ninety-five percent of all poets, painters and novelists, were once young themselves, and just as bad then as they are now.

"The rising young . . . a first novel . . . newly discovered . . . the young . . . youthful . . . not yet thirty. . . ." It is of course somewhat the fault of those no longer so young who long to find in another's youth the same promise their own later days failed to fulfill—it is their fault that the young find their ears assaulted by such praise of their mere youth. And who can blame them for rushing through in six months the novel that should have been two years in the ground? We can blame them. In fact, we propose to blame them for a number of things.

For placing self-consciousness of youth before consciousness of talent (which has nothing to do with age). For living, eating, talking together in a vast youth-conscious warren, so that one can almost hear them say, Cheer up, we're all rabbits together. For sitting so much in broad daylight at the mouth of their holes, and forgetting that real work and high visibility go seldom together. For confusing so readily an appearance before the public with performance. For never refusing the opportunity to be published. For taking trivial comfort from one another, rather than from some indestructible assurance within themselves. For logrolling, and for rolling each other's toothpicks as if they were logs. For being afraid of poverty, silence, solitude, and other caverns of the mind where self-expression has but its own echo for applause. And for a dozen other things, which such of us as are young do simply because we are not dead.

There will very likely never be any disentangling the motive of working for the reward of self-approval from the motive of working for the approval of others. Certainly the latter motive brings more reward these days than it ever used to, with the result that the former is perhaps a little stunted. It doesn't take much these days to be recognized—which means that members of a certain coterie pass your name around as a football squad does the medicine ball. Indeed, if literary youth would stop to think, it would find something disquieting in the close parallel between youth playing at football and youth playing at literature. The symptom of triviality is gossip, and literary youth moves now as in a swirling dust-storm of gossip. Pick up a literary magazine with a strong pro-youth bias and you will find this sort of thing: "Tom J. is now working on the ninth chapter of his second novel. Good luck, Tom." Could anything more encourage the crime of bob veal: the butcher is praised, and the bob veal eaten. Here, youth is the butcher of his own veal.

If only we could make the butcher stay his knife until the veal were more worth eating.

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Where Evolution Stands Today

PERHAPS it is not a bad thing that Mr. Bryan and the Fundamentalists are stirring up matters about evolution, and hence stirring up the evolutionists to interrupt for a moment their evolutionary research in order to take stock of their present knowledge, and to tell the public, in more or less intelligible language, just where evolution stands now. What has been learned about evolution since Darwin? What are the special things that still need to be learned?

The principal difficulty today about evolution is to know what causes it. This has, indeed, been an outstanding difficulty all along. Biologists have for a long time had no doubts at all about the reality of evolution, but they have had doubts always about the validity of the various causes that have been suggested, from the times of the Greeks to those of the mutationists and the Mendelians—which are the times of today—to explain it. Oddly enough, the anti-evolutionists have taken little advantage of this uncertainty among the evolutionists concerning the causal factors of evolution. They have mostly devoted themselves to affirming dogmatically, or trying to prove, that there is no such thing as evolution; at least, and particularly, no such thing as the evolution of man. They could have made more trouble if they had stressed more the differences of opinion among the evolutionists regarding the causes and control of evolution. However, to do this effectively, of course, they would have had to give more time to a study of evolution itself, and to the biologists' knowledge of it, than they seem willing to give. But, under any circumstances, any present-day discussion of evolution must include a special attention to the status of our knowledge of its causes.

I carefully say causes, not cause, for it is quite certain that there is no one thing alone that causes evolution. There are certainly several or many causal factors of evolution, that work together in combination. Some of these factors we know, and we understand something of the cooperative relation among some of these known factors of evolution. But some of the secrets of the combined working of the known factors we do not know, and, in addition, we almost certainly do not know some of the factors themselves. The "unknown factors of evolution" are the biologists' great riddle today.

But—let me repeat—because the biologists do not know, or only partially know, the causes of evolution, to assume from this that they have any doubts at all of the reality of evolution, would be to assume what is not true. I do not know of a single living biologist of high repute—and I do not determine repute on a required basis of a belief in evolution!—who does not believe in evolution as a proved part of scientific knowledge. It is as well-proved a part as many other parts of this knowledge that we all readily accept.

Since Darwin's days much has been added to our knowledge of the facts about the manner and the effect of evolution, but only two important new alleged causal factors have been presented for consideration as primary causes of evolution; these are mutations and Mendelian inheritance. Neither has had any general acceptance as sufficient explanation of either species-forming or adaptation, which are the coordinate fundamental problems of organic evolution. In this same post-Darwinian period, also, the two most important explanations of evolution current in Darwin's time, namely, Lamarckism, or the inheritance of acquired characters, and Darwinism, or natural and sexual selection, have been weakened rather than strengthened as sufficient causes of evolution. Hence we are in the curious position of knowing now much more about evolution than was known fifty and sixty years ago, but of feeling much less confident that we know the causes of evolution. If this is ammunition for the anti-evolutionists let them make what use of it they can. We can afford to be honest.

The two basic coordinate phenomena which any causal explanation of evolution must explain satisfyingly are, first, the great number and variety of plant and animal kinds (species), and, second, the adaptation, often remarkably precise, of these species, in both structure and function, to a great variety of environment. Any satisfactory explanation of evolution must explain both of these actually existing phenomena. Both Lamarck and Darwin faced this necessity squarely.

Lamarck's explanation is simple and plausible. Basing itself on the familiar fact that plant or animal individuals do become adaptively modified during their life-time in response to environmental conditions, it assumes that such individually acquired changes or characters are passed on, in some degree, by heredity to the offspring of these individuals, which in turn further change and pass on their changes by heredity, and so on through succeeding generations until new types of species and increased degrees of adaptation or fitness result.

A plausible explanation, but one wholly dependent on the "inheritance of acquired characters," which, unfortunately, does not seem to happen. Both extensive observation and intensive experimentation unite in shattering this absolutely essential assumption in the Lamarckian explanation of

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evolution. The germ plasm from which new individuals arise is so distinct from the rest of the body in the parent individual, so protected from the influence of external conditions or of local changes in other body parts, that there seems to be no means for causing it to produce in its development into new individuals a replica of the local changes suffered by the parent body in its life-time. And this conclusion, arrived at by modern study of the germ plasm and heredity mechanism, is confirmed by the observed results of completed development. Acquired characters, in the Lamarckian sense, are not inherited.

Darwin's explanation of species-change and adaptation is based, like Lamarck's, on both certain observed facts and certain assumptions. Small spontaneous fortuitous variations appear in all new individuals born—this is an observed fact—and there is an over-production of young by every species—another fact. Hence Darwin assumed that there will be a severe struggle for existence among these young for place and food among themselves and in competition with the young of other species, in the course of which struggle these small variations will play a life-preserving or life-losing rôle, depending on whether these variations are advantageous or disadvantageous in the face of the environment. Those young which are better, even very slightly better, equipped for this struggle, by virtue of their variations, this "better" being therefore in the direction of fitness, will win in the struggle and leave offspring varying as themselves—assuming these variations to be inherited—while the others will be extinguished together with their disadvantageous variations. By cumulation through generations this "natural selection" will result in species-change and increasing adaptation.

Also a plausible explanation, but also much weakened, if not shattered, by the results of modern biological study, which have shown that many of these small variations are not inherited. They are merely fluctuations around a mean to which mean the offspring tend constantly to return. Also it is asking too much to ascribe a life- or death-determining value to these minute variations despite any conceivable intensity of the struggle for existence. Indeed, most of the species differences—let alone the individual differences—among such animals as the insects and others represented by large numbers of species, are of a kind which require a very lively imagination to see as differences of life- and death-determining value. There is a large family of little beetles called lady-bird beetles among which the different species are recognized by very slight differences in the number or size or color of minute spots on the wing covers. Similarly many little flies are distinguished as to species by the number and size of small bristles on the back, and small differences in wing-venation. One often needs a hand lens to distinguish them. Now are these differences, which we have to reinforce our eyes to see, going to decide whether a toad or lizard or insect-eating bird sees and devours, or does not see and devour, individuals of one rather than another of these insect kinds, or, even more fantastic, one individual rather than another both belonging to one species and differing from each other by even more microscopic variations?

Mutations are larger variations which are undoubtedly heritable. But they are, so far as much careful observation goes to show, not abundant, nor can they be assumed to be adaptive in character. They may be so pathologic or abnormal as to insure early death to the individual showing them, and to that extent are "selected out." That is, the very bad ones get extinguished, but if not too bad they may persist and really establish a new species. That they actually do this is proof that it is not merely the fittest which survive: it is the just sufficiently fit who survive. But to explain the extraordinary, precise adaptations of orchids and other insect-pollinated flowers to their insect visitors, and the equally extraordinary adaptations of these visitors to their plant hosts, or the remarkable adaptations of parasites, or of protectively-colored and patterned butterflies and moths, mutations are simply hopeless.

Then there is the offered explanation of the origin of new species or races through hybridization in Nature and the juggling of characters and character combinations through Mendelian inheritance. Here again it is only the origin of new kinds of plants or animals, and not adaptations, which are explained—if anything at all is explained. Only one-half of the evolution problem is even approached by the Mendelian explainers.

This sounds discouraging for the evolutionists. But it really is discouraging only to the seekers after the causes of evolution. Every year the old proofs of evolution are reconfirmed and new ones found. Evolution is proved by all the evidence of comparative anatomy, embryology, paleontology, and geographical distribution, evidence which increases in amount every year. The evidence from any one of these fields of science alone is sufficient to prove evolution; from them all together it is overwhelming.

All this applies to the evolution of man as well as to the evolution of the plants and lower animals. The old evidence of human evolution from lower animal forms, based chiefly on comparative anatomy and embryology and the existence and suggestive distribution of various living human types, has been in recent times especially confirmed by the numerous finds of the fossils of prehistoric, anciently prehistoric, man. The series from Pithecanthropus to Homo sapiens is being steadily revealed, with every promise of the early future filling in of the remaining gaps. There has been also, in recent times, a notable addition to the proof of man's relationships to other animals

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through physiological discoveries, especially those relating to blood characters.

But to the candid examiner and weigher of facts these additional evidences are only surplusage. Huxley had enough evidence to convince any fair-minded person. Without ever seeing the relics of Pithecanthropus or Glacial Time man we could yet be certain of man's evolution. Seeing them is to see him actually evolving. Just as seeing the horse series from little five-toed Eohippus of early Tertiary Times, through later and larger four-toed Orohippus and still later and larger Mesohippus to one-toed Equus of today, is to see the actual evolution of the horse.

The silver tongue of Bryan cannot overcome the gold of ascertained fact. But it can hypnotize many people for a longer or shorter time by its tinkling.

VERNON KELLOGG.

Is France Facing Bankruptcy?

DURING the week beginning March 19th there was a remarkable rise in the value of the French franc. During December last it fluctuated between seven and eight cents, but after the advance into the Ruhr it dropped sharply to less than six. For weeks it had been quoted at six cents or a little better until the rise referred to. Then within a few days quotations rose to nearly seven cents. With the causes of this rapid advance we need not here concern ourselves. An easy, but probably incorrect, answer is to attribute it to the activities of speculators, "valuta schweine." They have doubtless influenced the situation, but are not the primary cause. More plausible is the contention that the French government is deliberately driving up quotations in anticipation of a new fifteen billion franc loan. With the franc so low and the need so great for a new loan on favorable terms, the government would doubtless do all the "window dressing" possible.

Although one may not be sure why the rise has occurred, one may be very positive in asserting that it is not due to any sudden or fundamental improvement in the French fiscal situation. It is reported that negotiations between the French and the Germans are being carried on in various indirect ways, that both sides are anxious for an adjustment, and that some basis for an agreement can probably be found. It is contended that the Germans at last realize the necessity of making a suitable reparation offer, and that the French government, in spite of its protestations of success in the Ruhr, appreciates the impossibility of collecting large sums by the present methods. About all these matters the writer must confess both dense ignorance and extreme scepticism. Nevertheless the suggestion that "success" is crowning the French efforts stimulates curiosity. What sort of an outcome might be considered a "successful" one? And if "successful" in any sense at all, would it warrant a rise in the franc!

Almost any agreement that would cover a French retreat, saving official pride and preventing too serious a blow to prestige, might be called successful. The outcome to be desired is the withdrawal of the French troops and engineers on any terms at all. Yet there is no settlement that can furnish a solution for the French fiscal difficulty. If the purpose of the Ruhr venture is primarily to make certain the formation of a Rhine republic or to give control of the Ruhr resources to French industrialists, one or perhaps both of these results may be secured through an agreement. But neither one nor both can solve the problems of the French Treasury.

Costs of the occupation have been heavy. An accurate statement of expenses is not possible. M. de Lasteyrie has stated the amount for January and February as at least one hundred and fifteen million francs, no inconsiderable amount for a government which has just thought it advisable to lend an additional four hundred million francs to Poland. But even if this statement is complete, it covers only a few weeks of time, and the costs must surely be rising. Then, too, it refers only to direct governmental outlay, which is but a small part of the burden. As a French expert reminds us in a recent analysis in the Manchester Guardian Weekly, this cost takes no account of the losses resulting to France from Germany's refusal to continue deliveries in kind, from the non-application of the Wiesbaden and Gillet-Ruppel agreements, the crisis suffered by the French metal industries because of the shortage of coal and coke, and the injury to French trade in general from the depreciation of the franc. He draws the conclusion that the venture cost France over five hundred million francs for the month of January in government expenditure, lost earnings and various other losses. If this estimate is correct, and even if there is no increase in the rate of loss, the end of the third month of occupation will mean an aggregate loss of about one and a half billion francs, of which say one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred millions is direct government outlay and the rest a drain on the business community, and hence on the government's sources of revenue.

This burden is superimposed upon an already crushing load. Last summer the budget estimates

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indicated a deficit of nearly four billion francs in the ordinary budget—a deficit which has in various ways been reduced to about two billion francs. There is needed in addition to this whatever may be appropriate for continued reconstruction. There is no use attempting an accuracy that is impossible when French statistical information is so meagre, but it is quite moderate to say that necessary expenditures total at least twice the revenues in sight, and probably far more. The confusion that exists is best made clear by observing that a recent official statement places the deficit for 1922 at twenty-three billion francs, while many Parliamentary critics say it is twenty-five billion francs. M. Bokanowski, on behalf of the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, has been quoted as placing it at thirty-five billion francs for 1923. It is now reported that a new fifteen billion franc loan is about to be offered, of which two billions is to cover the budget deficit, eight billions is for reconstruction, and five billions to meet maturing national defence bills. Of this, ten billions will be a net addition to the debt.

The government is now spending some fourteen billion francs to meet interest charges on the debt, without any attempt to care for the amounts due the British and American governments. In a year or two at the most these interest charges will call for the total revenues of the government. Certainly the situation is acute. That it may be very much worse even than these figures indicate is more than possible, since the published information is so scant and so confusing. Whatever the reasons for the form of French government accounts, the public finds it difficult to determine the condition of the finances at any given time.

Nor is there any conceivable solution which could relieve this condition promptly. The most optimistic observers agree that no substantial payments can be expected from Germany for several years to come, even if every opportunity for recovery is given. Since it is not being given and probably will not be, payments will be delayed accordingly. In the meantime, what can the French government do? The Bank of France has note issues of over thirty-six billion francs, the temporary government debt to the bank is still twenty-four billion francs, and could be reduced in 1922 only one billion francs, instead of two billion francs as planned. Prices are rising and the money market is tight. Export of capital is still forbidden, but even so funds seem scarce.

We may dismiss at once the suggestion that the government will readily acknowledge any inability to meet its obligations. Such an announcement by Poincaré or de Lasteyrie would mean the fall of the Poincaré government within a few hours. Instead there will be persistent bond offerings on whatever terms may seem necessary to make them a success. Higher interest rates, lottery features and favorable terms of redemption will be included. Patriotism will be invoked, and the banks will be encouraged to lend freely on the bonds as security. None who remember the methods used during the war both in Europe and in the United States will find it hard to visualize the devices that will be employed.

How long such appeals will be effective one cannot say. The industry and frugality of the French mean that there is a tremendous potential market, and the peasant devotion to "la patrie" may perhaps be relied upon for a time. But only the most incorrigible optimist can see the process carried much farther. Each new loan means increased interest charges and a heavier drain on the next year's budget. In so far as the banks extend loans to make the issues a success—in so far as the bonds are not actually digested—there will be the inevitable inflation and a higher price level. With higher prices government supplies will cost more and the budget will rise still higher. We are more or less familiar with the process, but we are likely to ignore it in any given situation until the situation has fully developed.

As the pressure becomes more acute and as the difficulty of selling bonds becomes more obvious, the next step will probably be increased reliance on the Bank of France. Plans for repaying the government debt to the Bank, already modified, are likely to be abandoned, and instead new advances secured. Doubtless they will be referred to as temporary and always there will be assurances that Germany must later pay. Under the pressure the Bank will soon find additional note issues necessary, and these issues will force prices still higher.

It is not to be assumed that French financiers and economists do not see the trend. The tragedy lies partly in that very fact. In spite of their appreciation of the difficulty, they see no solution, because there is no solution. French finances are so involved that there is no way out. Frank acknowledgment of the facts would, of course, be wise, even if the Poincaré government should fall, but there is no reason to expect such a confession in the near future. Instead there are disquieting rumors from some quarters that a plan exists for "controlled inflation." It is pointed out that the burden of the present debt would be much lighter if values in France were on a higher level. By cautiously permitting an increase of note issues prices would be raised. Francs would be more abundant, hence cheaper and easier to secure. The government by carefully adjusting tax laws would increase its revenues as the price level rose. The debt burden could then be borne more easily.

Such rumors may be false. So rash a plan, if attempted, would of course fail because control would be impossible. Vergil once reminded us—"Facilis descensus Averno"—which was rendered by a school-boy "Going down hill is easy, the hell of it is to get back."

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Failure to solve the French fiscal problem is not surprising, for it is not solvable. Unfortunately there is nothing in the history of France or of any other country to indicate that the outcome will be other than we have indicated. Nor are there any indications in the current news from Europe that more courage or intelligence will be displayed in 1923 than in the past.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

Kansas Windmills

SOMETHING must be done. The fires of Americanism are cooling. The League of Women Voters discovered it. The crusade is preached. Our fair city on the Western plains must be made safe.

We meet. We ponder. We organize. We elect a chairman. A representative of the American Bar. Evangelical of faith. Incorruptible in his Republicanism. A believer in the Bible and the Constitution.

We were of one mind. Nothing could be finer than Sunday afternoon lectures on Americanism. Speakers who would stir our sluggish loyalty and fire our imagination.

"Now, let everyone be perfectly frank in making suggestions," our chairman invited.

"The speakers should be lawyers," ventured the representative of the Federation of Women's Clubs. "I believe in specialists. Doctors—. Teachers—. And lawyers—specialists in government."

"Why not get—," the name of a distinguished sociologist was suggested. "A Jew. Born in Russia. His Americanism is an achievement. He can interpret Americanism against the background of Russian tyranny."

A lawyer challenged the suggestion. "We don't want any Russian Jew coming over here to tell us how to run our country."

Exactly. The trained mind of a specialist set us right.

The chairman came to the rescue.

"There need be no difficulty. The American Bar Association is willing to provide the speakers. Specialists—safe and sound. In fact, we attach one condition to our cooperation—"

He paused. Experts and specialists always pause. It gives the ex cathedra touch.

"One condition. Every speaker must be vouched for by the American Citizenship Committee of the Bar Association. This may seem arbitrary. You can readily understand that our great Association cannot run the risk of being linked with any radical propaganda."

An irreproachable point. Entirely reasonable. Nevertheless rude voices were raised.

"Thought the League of Women Voters was running this show! Puts the League in a poor light. You women would not be voting if you had waited for the permission of the Bar. Why take orders now?"

"Why this touching confidence in lawyers?" came from another quarter. "Specialists in the backward look. Dealers in precedent. Americanism is growing . . . glowing . . . dynamic. Let us get speakers with imagination . . . and fire."

This was crude. It was irreverent. It did not reveal due respect for the omniscience of the Bar. It cast a slight on the Ark of the Covenant.

The objectors were rebuked. As they deserved. We adopted the Bar Association's plan. We decreed that all uplifting should be conducted on a strictly American basis.

The rebels groaned.

The committee worked. They investigated speakers. Their soundness. They made their report. It reached us through the headlines.

"Eminent lawyer invited to give first lecture on Americanism. Heartily approved by American Bar Association. Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney General of the United States."

Great! Delight and relief played in our souls.

He didn't come.

But the resourceful Bar Association kept their promise. They furnished a speaker. The first program in The Drama of American Citizenship was announced.

The Orpheum Theatre was crowded. Two thousand citizens were on hand for the first installment of Americanism.

The steady respectibility of the city was in the boxes.

The League of Women Voters and the American Bar sat together on the platform. The lion and lamb.

The ice water was in its place.

We sang the Star Spangled Banner.

The representative of the American Bar Association opened the meeting. He sounded the key note.

"Our purpose is to banish from these shores the various isms which threaten our form of government. These isms have been put forth, not in the saloon or the brothel . . . No! . . . but from chairs in our universities . . . and even from the pulpit. The American Bar, realizing the dangers which threaten our beloved country, seeks means to combat them. I take great pleasure in introducing—"

Our speaker arose amidst great applause. A lawyer. One of the eminent jurists of our great state. Frock coated. Gray haired. Distinguished. Immaculate from his gray spats to the beribboned monocle which he resolutely hugged beneath his shaggy brow.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth!" He boomed. "This refers to the Anglo-Saxon race."

Deafening applause.

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He told us about races. He dwelt upon the glory of the Nordic. The strength of America. He pictured the makers of the Constitution. Their wisdom gathered through two thousand years of self-government. He voiced the contempt of all true Americans for those who would tamper with its sacred lines. He compared the Constitution to the solar system in its marvellous adjustments. He leaped lightly from sun to star.

"Whenever you disturb the exquisite balance of this system . . . you bring chaos and ruin."

He paid his compliments to H. G. Wells . . . to La Follette, the most dangerous man in America . . . and to some other people.

"Let's go. Had enough of this," remarked my seat mate. He was only an Irish carpenter.

We then heard of "the invasion by the barbarian horde, which has swept in to destroy us." He dwelt upon "the immigration from Southern Europe, just a little above the brute, utterly unassimilable."

He drew himself up in his full dignity. He fairly thundered.

"The most ignorant Anglo-Saxon in America today is better fitted for self-government than the most highly educated Hun or Bolshevik that ever landed on our shores."

He takes us into his confidence. He makes a clean breast. "Oh, I admit that I don't like these round heads from Europe. My neighbor tells me that I ought to cultivate them—"

A woman's voice. Staccato. From the gallery. "That's right. You should."

Our speaker struggles with his monocle. He grips it manfully. He closes his lecture on the glories of Americanism.

"I am a pessimist. We have adorned this barbarian horde with the ballot. They will turn upon us and utterly destroy us. Our civilization is doomed."

The applause expressed our appreciation.

We sang America.

So, with the cooperation of our Father's God, the Constitution and the American Bar Association, our fair city on the Western plains is safe.

Until the barbarian horde reaches Kansas.

And then we always have the Ku Klux Klan.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

Cancer Control

NOT every one whose tongue is in his cheek gets cancer. Nor has it yet been pointed out as a bogie to our gum-chewing populace. In fact no scientist has yet taken the joy out of life by implying that this transportation habit bears any relation to the disease which is becoming far too popular. Recently the United States having wearied of "Drives" spent a week in contemplating, with no great joy, the ravages of cancer. The other fifty-one weeks demand fully the same attention if any progress is to be made. It is significant that with the opening of our twentieth century the campaign against cancer received a new impetus which became manifest almost simultaneously in France, England and the United States.

The following pertinent facts have been placed before the public by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Briefly stated, the annual mortality in the United States from all forms of cancer is estimated at 90,000. This means that while 80,000 of our soldiers met death in the war, during the same period of time 180,000 individuals succumbed to cancer. As is well known, it is almost exclusively a disease of adult life, and is responsible for one death out of every ten after the age of forty. Sex discrimination is emphatic. Between the ages of 35 and 45 three times as many women as men die of cancer. This is apparently due to the frequent incidence of cancer of the breast and generative organs. The actual number of deaths has been reported on the increase. Statistics based on a careful study of all civilized countries show that cancer is increasing. Many have been misled by optimistic reports of the decrease of certain forms of the disease but this improvement is slight when compared to the increasing frequency of the disease as a whole. However, this need not be unduly alarming, since it represents more accurate diagnosis and a more faithful reporting of cases rather than any substantial spread of the disease. Cancer is not a communicable disease, nor is it even hereditary. To the best of our present knowledge its occurrence in more than one member of the same family is mere chance and it is not at all certain that even a tendency to acquire the disease is inherited. These facts are generally accepted even though the etiology of cancer remains unknown.

Cancer has been termed "a lawless growth of body cells which destroys life, if allowed to run its course." Such proliferation of cells results in the formation of malignant tumors. While little is known as to the nature of the inciting cause, nevertheless, there is unanimity of opinion to the effect that chronic irritation has some definite relation to the disease. Hence, the great importance attached to the prevention of all forms of chronic irritation, such as persistent ulcerations, cracks and sores, warts, moles or birthmarks which

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grow larger or change in color and appearance. The beginning of cancer is usually painless, which makes it all the more imperative that we be on constant guard for warning signals which can be heeded in time. Since it begins as a small local growth, cancer can often be safely and easily removed in the early stages by competent surgical treatment, or in certain favorable cases by radium, X-ray or other methods. The grave danger lies in delay. This is readily appreciated by a consideration of the process of the diseases. Cancer is not a blood disease. The fact that after having been removed from one organ it may reappear in another, or its simultaneous occurrence in different parts of the body, would seem to indicate an infection of the blood stream. At first, however, cancer is a purely local disease involving a microscopic area of the body. This abnormal growth continues until it invades surrounding tissues. As the growth increases in size parts of it may break off and be transported by the body fluids to other organs, there forming new growths. Thus cure becomes increasingly difficult and delay in these cases extremely hazardous. However, cancer is not necessarily fatal. Like tuberculosis, it is a disease which is curable if promptly recognized and treated in good time.

The public needs, therefore, to be educated to seek medical attention. The man or woman who scoffs at what appears to be a negligible abnormality frequently trifles with serious consequences. Any source of chronic irritation may well become worthy of suspicion. Sores, cracks, ulcers, etc. which do not heal have already been mentioned. In women, any persistent lump in the breast or continued abnormal discharge or bleeding warrants immediate medical attention. Persistent indigestion in middle life with loss of weight and change of color may mean internal cancer. It has been observed in studies of a large number of cases reported by different physicians that, on the average, individuals afflicted with this disease wait almost twelve months before consulting a doctor. There is little excuse for such delay, particularly in view of the fact that cancer can be efficiently treated in its early stages.

Once the danger becomes apparent despair is generally not slow to follow. In this as in all other branches of medicine the quack soon preys upon the victims' fear. All cancer "cures" are swindles. They fall, generally, into two categories: (1) drugs for internal use in connection with certain antiseptic washes and (2) pastes or poultices containing strong or caustic chemicals. So far as present knowledge goes "there is no medicine that will cure cancer and while drugs offered for this purpose may be harmless, they are valueless and may cause the loss of vitally important time while the cancer develops beyond the operative stage."

Our ignorance as to the cause of the disease is reflected in the diverse suggestions which are being made in the press, in some cases even by distinguished scientists. Tea drinking, the cooking of food, the inhalation of tar dust arising from roads, microbes in drinking water which has been stored in reservoirs have been incriminated in turn. In order to discover the cause of cancer and to study its development in the human body it is essential that the disease be produced experimentally in animals. The advantages thus derived in controlling the various factors involved as well as the gain in human life have been established in the conquest of almost every bacterial disease from rabies to yellow fever. Therefore it is all the more surprising that so few systematic attempts to produce cancer in animals have been published. This may be partially accounted for by the fact that many experiments resulting in failure have not been reported.

In the past, cancer research had been concerned chiefly with transplanted tumors in mice, rats and fowls. These, while interesting, are not the same as spontaneous tumors due to some malignant transformation in the animal's own cells. Cancer, however, has been produced experimentally in animals by Fischer, who obtained a response to fat-soluble dyes, notably scarlet red, but the cancer stopped when the effect of the dye was exhausted. More recently two Japanese investigators produced cancer in the ears of rabbits by simply painting coal tar on the inner surface every two or three days for from fifty to four hundred days. These growths persisted and had all the characteristics of true skin cancers arising in the human skin as a result of protracted stimulation, whether from light, mechanical or chemical irritation. This work has been further corroborated.

Announcement has been made by Director F. C. Wood, that a means for producing cancer in large number of white rats has been discovered at the Crocker Cancer Research Laboratory of Columbia University. Fifty percent of white rats subjected to a process of chronic irritation have developed cancer while the remaining fifty percent remained unaffected. Rats which were not subjected to this chronic irritation did not develop cancer. The same phenomenon has been noted in human beings. Women of the Philippines chew betel nut and keep the quid in the cheek all night. Cancer is being reported in many cases, the growth being in the cheek where the betel nut quid had been kept. On the other hand many of these women do not develop cancer.

Extreme caution is required in interpreting results of the experimental production of cancer by artificial means. It must be shown for example, that the growth continues after the irritant has ceased. Furthermore, as some critical investigators have pointed out, growths have been reported by various observers to be produced as readily in young as in old animals and apparently do not possess the power of continuous growth on trans-

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plantation into animals of the same species, thus increasing the doubt regarding their malignant properties. All these facts point to the conclusion deduced from clinical observation, that age, organ specificity and congenital defects play an important and in many cases a decisive rôle in the determination of the origin of cancer, and that irritation alone is an insufficient factor.

Despite the recent controversy which has been reported to have stirred medical circles, it is generally accepted that radium or X-ray treatment in proper doses cures skin cancers and checks internal cancers. The efficiency of either of these rays depends upon their intensity. Discoveries made by Dr. W. Duane of Harvard University have made it possible to secure X-rays of more penetrating quality than ever before obtained in this country, by increasing the voltage of current used in the X-ray tube. Dr. Wood has recently demonstrated at Columbia University the most powerful X-ray machine ever built, which will carry over 200,000 volts. This is twice as high as the previous limit attained. It is especially desirable that machines of this type be developed as their immense power makes it possible to shorten the time of exposure necessary in treating internal cancers. The dangers of X-ray burns or any untoward effects are thus greatly reduced. Furthermore with such an apparatus it will become possible to standardize X-ray treatment. This will be of great service to physicians all over the world as at the present time there is no fixed standard and the amount of ray necessary to kill cancer is largely a matter of guesswork. Obviously the advantage of X-rays over radium is that the latter is scarce and expensive, costing at present over $100,000 per gram, thus permitting its use in only very minute quantities.

The problem of proper dosage of both radium and X-rays is a difficult one which requires further investigation, and this powerful machine will be used to determine the dosage necessary to kill animal cancers. There is no reason to believe that there is any material difference between the resistance of animal and human tissue to the X-ray; consequently as soon as the machine has been tested on animals, further progress in cancer research on man will be forthcoming. Successful propaganda may do much to reduce mortality but the hope of conquering this disease rests ultimately in the research laboratory.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN SEGAL KOPELOFF.

Land Reform in Mexico

IN Mexico, as the logical outcome of a triumphant popular revolution, is being carried out one of the biggest economic reforms of our time. In the early days the influence of Las Casas and other champions of native rights caused the Royal Council at Madrid, in drawing up the Laws of the Indies, to safeguard the interests of the subjugated. They sought to assure to the Indians the means of obtaining subsistence by reserving to each village with a church nearly a square league of land which should be the patrimony of the community and which might not be divided or sold. The grant of this common, or ejido as it was called, was confirmed in parchments dating back, some of them, to the sixteenth century.

Despite the encroachments of the great landowners, many of the Indian communities retained their lands and worked them with success until, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a blow was struck at their very existence. The famous Reform Laws of Juarez, aimed at the vast holdings of the Church, forbade the community ownership of arable land and thus forced the breakup of the ejidos. Formerly it had not been lawful to sell the ejido or any part of it without the explicit consent of *every* member of the community. Now the community was obliged to divide its agricultural common among its members. Soon most of such parcels were gobbled up by local Ahabs, in many cases through trickery practised against the Indians.

Under Diaz an attempt was made to establish land titles on a modern documentary basis. The "law of surveys" fixed a term within which every landowner must prove title and obtain a deed. As was, no doubt, anticipated, great numbers of Indians whose lands had been handed down from time immemorial but who had never heard of the new requirement, were ousted and became wanderers when, at the expiry of the appointed term they were unable to show deeds for their properties. By this device individual, communal, and tribal lands, which for centuries had nourished their laborious owners, were incorporated into the public domain, from which they soon passed into the hands of the favorites of the Diaz regime.

Realizing that there would be no peace until land monopoly had been corrected, the leaders of the revolution determined to make the Indian villagers independent of the hacendado by providing them with land on which they might grow their food. Early in 1915 the Carranza government put out an "agrarian law" which called for a National Agrarian Commission, with a local agrarian commission in every state, which should pass on petitions for ejidos. If such were approved, the village

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should receive land either as "restitution" or "donation." Wanting a claim for "restitution," the village might be "donated" land sufficient to provide each head of a family or male over eighteen years of age with twelve and one-half acres of irrigated land, or fifteen acres of plow land not irrigated, or inferior land in proportion. For villages near the city or the railway the allotment was one-third or two-fifths less. The new ejido was to be carved from the surrounding properties exceeding a certain maximum, which ran from 375 acres to 1250 acres according to the quality of the land.

Land reform was not pushed energetically under Carranza and this was one cause of his downfall. Since the Obregon government came in in May 1920, much energy has been shown in putting through this program, so that the agrarian commissions are now about halfway down their row. Three thousand, or nearly one half, of the villages of Mexico have petitioned for land. Of these petitions about one hundred have been denied, twenty-four hundred are pending, while five hundred and twenty have actually received land. Of this, 600,000 acres have been "restituted," while 1,500,000 acres have been "donated," out of the larger adjacent properties. Altogether about a thousand haciendas have been nicked. When, in about two years, the work is completed, it will take rank as one of the giant agrarian adjustments of history. In scope the land redistributions in ancient Greece, the work of the Land Commission of Tiberius Gracchus, or that of the Irish Land Commission are hardly to be compared with it. For parallel one must look to the achievements of the Russian Commission which, in 1861, provided with land the 24,000,000 emancipated serfs.

In the meantime, of course, there has been doubt and hesitation on the part of the landowners. Bankers will not loan them money. For no one knows how they will come out. Since the restoration of order agriculture has not picked up as it should. In some degree the spirit of enterprise has been impaired; but the peak of uncertainty is passed and this partial paralysis should disappear as the labor of the agrarian commissions nears its conclusion. Land reform will then stand or fall according to its practical outcome. Will the villagers utilize the "donated" land as well as the hacendados did? If so, there will be an immense gain in happiness, independence, and manhood. The half-slavery of the rural masses will disappear and the great landowners will have to prosper by other means than labor skinning.

I am bound to say that the wisest persons I met (excluding, of course, the landowners themselves) regard the re-creation of communal property in land on this large scale as a backward step. Commons for pasture are, indeed, desirable; but not commons for cultivation. Community land is not improved as private land is. Villages will not build needed storage reservoirs. Moreover, thoughtful Mexicans doubt if the new ejidos will be well tilled or even fairly administered.

Are we witnessing in Mexico a vast confiscation? The Constitution requires indemnification, on a basis of assessed value plus ten percent, for all land "donated" to the villages. But compensation takes the form of government bonds. Now, since Mexico has a national debt of $363,000,000 which, with unpaid interest, amounts to over half a billion, of which two-thirds is owing to foreigners, these land bonds have no present negotiable value. The hacendados, therefore, stoutly refuse to accept them and insist that they are being robbed under the forms of law. Foreign governments seem to agree with them, for one hundred and twenty-nine protests have been presented through diplomatic channels on behalf of foreigners owning or leasing haciendas affected.

A group of broad-minded American men of affairs, whose opinion on the land reform was sought, agreed that the adjustment was necessary but that it has been carried out in such a way as to leave much soreness. In some cases vengefulness has entered into the taking of lands. Moreover, it is charged that land reform is being used as a cloak for blackmail. From several sources I heard that the local commission makes gestures of bestowing ejidos upon villages which have not applied for them, the motive being to alarm and "shake down" the owners of the contiguous haciendas. It is avouched that the resulting sums are turned into the treasury of the Agrarian party. The charge crops up in so many places and is made by men of such high character that it may not be dismissed as merely a malicious fabrication.

II.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the land appetite of proletarian Mexico is to be cloyed by the creation of ejidos, which at most, will not bite off more than ten or fifteen percent of the area in latifundia. As authorized by the Constitution of 1917 and on lines which it lays down, several of the states have passed agrarian laws of their own. Of these the pace setter is San Luis Potosi, which aspires to lead Mexico in constructive reform legislation as Wisconsin leads the United States. Here the hacendados are given a year to "fraction" their estate and if they neglect to do so the state may go about it. In the western semi-arid section of San Luis Potosi the owner may reserve for himself any block of 10,000 acres in his hacienda; in the middle section 7,500 acres; in the well-watered eastern section 5,000 acres. The rest may be taken, divided into single-family farms and sold on installments to persons who are equipped to work a farm. It is interesting to note that this

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state is prodding owners to break up their latifundia by lowering the assessment for taxation on small holdings, while increasing that of the large holdings 10 percent and of the largest 20 percent. Moreover, next year those who own land in excess of the above mentioned maximum will pay a progressive surtax.

The states of Michoacan, Durango, and Zacatecas have passed laws modeled more or less on that of San Lius Potosi. Last spring the state of Chihuahua passed a law which fixes the maximum holding at 2,500 to 10,000 acres (depending on the water supply) plus 100,000 acres of grazing land.

Governor Truchuelo of Queretero is a strong man. For example, he cleaned up the ejidos matter in short order. He convened the fifty big land owners in his small state, convinced them that land reform is inevitable and got them to agree to fit out the twenty-five petitioning villages with ejidos and to take the bonds offered them. Now he proposes that his state break up the big haciendas by taking land holders progressively according to the amount of their holdings and to fix a term of years, say seven, at the expiration of which no one in the state shall own land in excess of 3,750 acres.

The state of Vera Cruz has been notorious for its drastic land policy. I have it on good authority that, as a result, not over ten percent of the land in cultivation there two years ago is bearing anything today.

In Mexico's struggle to end feudalism the hacendados cut no very gallant figure. Are they thankful that they were not chased off their estates for good and all, with never a stiver of compensation, as were the 110,000 noble land owners of Russia? Not in the least. Their slogan is "Back to Diaz." They are surprised at being called on to give up something for the common good and seem not to realize that there has been a great revolution in which their side lost.

One would suppose that the "associations of hacendados" would bring forth some constructive scheme to compete with the program of the reformers, would offer ideas as to how Mexico may extricate herself from the evil, inherited situation. But no. They will not cooperate, nor confess the reasonableness of sacrificing some of their lands in order to be secure in the enjoyment of the rest. Many have to let large fertile tracts lie untilled, yet are so fond of the social power that goes with vast estates that they split the welkin with their cries if they are required to yield or sell their idle acres.

Sometimes the land reformers are successfully withstood. The Church is adamant against them and in some cases the local priest by denouncing the villagers petitioning for an ejido as "robbers" and menacing them with denial of absolution has bluffed them into withdrawing their petition. A year ago an agent of the National Agrarian Commission arrived in a northern state in which the land problem is not acute. Presently he made plans to visit certain haciendas with a view to cutting off parts of them for the villages. In great trepidation the hacendados concerned consulted with the Governor, but he only asked, "Have you no trees on your places?" They took the hint and learning that lynching was in the air, the agent had an opportune telegram which recalled him to the capital, whence he has never returned.

While all Americans in Mexico agree that land feudalism must go, with scarcely an exception they insist that the great estates can be got rid of without violating property rights or giving an opening for corrupt officials. They insist that the leaders of land reform are in the pre-scientific stage, guided by the European radicalism of 1848-1890 rather than by the knowledge of society which has been gradually built up in the last thirty years.

They deny that among the agricultural laborers generally there prevails any such land hunger as undoubtedly did prevail in "Zapata land." The ordinary peon does not crave land ownership. He shrinks from the efforts and responsibilities which ownership entails. Rare, indeed, is the peon who will ever make good as an independent farmer. However, if you catch them early and train them right the sons of peons may be fitted to become farm owners. The creation of a great body of yeomen like our American farmers will, therefore, be a slow process—not a matter of five years merely, but rather of fifty years.

So they condemn the state agrarian laws which will force on to the market quantities of land vastly in excess of the needs of qualified purchasers and tillers. Such laws may quickly destroy agricultural credit and check the improvement of rural lands, but they cannot raise up an army of competent, independent cultivators. The process of fractioning the haciendas should proceed no faster than peons appear possessing the courage, knowledge and resources for tackling a farm with a prospect of success. One of the best qualifications for success is the possession of implements and of means for making a small initial payment. By untaxing the cultivated lands and laying a progressive tax on the remainder of the land holdings, according to quality and size, the hacendados would be impelled by self-interest to offer their excess of land in small holdings at a low price. By a skillful adjustment of the tax rate land might be forced upon the market just as fast as there are peons ready to buy and till it.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

[This is the second of a series of articles discussing current social and economic conditions in Mexico, where the author recently spent several months. The third will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

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Boiler Plate Appendicitis

THE Northfork Times, the Bridgeville News, the Lakeside Gazette—it makes little difference which. The "vacationist," as he is termed in railroad and resort "literature," has just glanced through its pages while he awaits a bus that will take him out to camp. As he sits in a tilted armchair of the Hotel Clearwater, looking between the sights of his well-shined hiking boots out upon Front Street, he meditates. Meditation, as distinguished from the "consideration" of a business office, is the privilege of the man on a vacation.

What, he asks, has become of the old "personal" of the small daily and the weekly newspaper? You remember the sort:

> Abner Howard is shingling the roof of his new chicken house. Good work, Ab! Winter will soon be here.
>
> Johnnie King was a Sunday visitor in Lamont. Aren't they pretty enough for you here, Johnnie?
>
> Mesdames Goff and Andrews were shopping in Franklin between trains Tuesday with Ye Ed's better half.

The vacationist had opened his paper with mellow anticipation. Out of the past there floated to him dim, flavored memories of the personal column: quaint nicknames, basket socials, sparking, lawn parties. He reads through his paper again to be sure that he hasn't missed them.

Page 1 has the same eight-column, 140-point Gothic "streamer" that he left behind him in Chicago. There are the same solemn accounts of the telegraph and cable news of the day, the same headlines in the same strange, short words. The few local items are in the terse, weary style of the telegraph news. Ab Howard has become A. H. Howard, 612 West Green Street; Johnnie King is now John W. King. Page 2 has a layout of pictures and a feature story about the lady murderer who is being celebrated in Chicago. The rest of the paper, throughout, is a replica of metropolitan inside-page features: the letter-and-answer advice of the facetious physician; the uplift poetry; the daily short story; the beauty hints; the weekly sermon; the cartoon strip with its brickbat dénouement.

It would be the same with the Times or the Gazette in neighboring towns. A large part of the material in the small daily and large weekly newspaper of America today is syndicated, or, as it is termed in composing rooms, "boiler plate" stuff—material prepared by metropolitan newspaper men and sold by syndicates to small papers. The country daily with 2,500 circulation is able for a comparatively few dollars a week to set before its readers the product of a renowned cartoonist who is paid $20,000 a year.

The growth of the syndicates within the last few years has been enormous. The larger ones have salesmen on the road who offer forty or fifty features on every imaginable subject. Some of the city newspapers syndicate their own features so that they appear the same day in many other and smaller newspapers. The syndicate, evidently, fills a need in every department of the small newspaper. The editorial page, once the battlefield of charging opinions, is now filled with cheerful, watery blurbs prepared for a hundred papers by the syndicate. Even the familiar one- and two-line "fillers" at the bottom of the column are syndicated.

One can glance through the entire eight pages of the Northfork Times without once detecting a glimpse of the editor's personality unless, possibly, because he chose as a filler "Copper-toed shoes made $70,000 for their inventor, it is said," when you know very well that he might have used "Siamese women stain their teeth black with betel nut." The syndicate allows the editor some scope for opinion.

In short, a significantly large number of country newspapers are today like the appendix: an organ without a purpose. Their readers are ailing with boiler plate appendicitis. This disease brings about many complications in the afflicted community. It helps further to sanctify the sacred generalities. It upholds mediocrity as the relief from reality. It aids in the standardization of thought and custom. It provides a better breeding place for propaganda of one sort or another.

But the real, the direct, the inevitable result of boiler plate appendicitis is the pitiful, grotesque and unfounded sophistication of the towns—a mock sophistication like that of a girl-child in her big sister's dress, flirting with a fat drummer on the depot platform.

The stuff of the syndicates feeds this quasi-sophistication to the bursting point. Newspaper subscribers in the town of five thousand read features originally prepared for metropolitan readers. The plot of the daily short story is laid on Broadway. The comic strip concerns State Street. Skyscrapers form the background of the cartoon. The doctor's advice warns against factory dust. If the small community is treated at all it is in the "by gum, by cracky" style of vaudeville. It would not be hard to believe, after reading these features, that there were only two sorts of communities in America: the "hick" crossroads town, and the metropolis, with the great open spaces of the cowboy and the mounted police somewhere in between. Books, plays, magazines and motion pictures all help to support this delusion.

The town of 5,000 chooses to be a metropolis; for basket socials and lawn parties do not go hand

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in hand with advice to the lovelorn, the tribulations of a wife and the "tips" from the professional golfer. Every phase of the town's social life is affected to some extent by this pathetic near-sophistication. In business, too, the results are evident. The members of the energetic weekly luncheon clubs adopt a grandiose manner of referring to their community as if it could—and had—burst all economic bonds. Yet for all this pose, there is little desire for the color, the struggle or the culture of the metropolis. That sort of thing seldom appears in the boiler plate. The "high brow" is always laid out with a sledge hammer in the last scene of the comic strip.

Under all this pretence there is nevertheless a sheepish realization . . . well, an item in the old "personal" style would seem almost naked and indecent. Perhaps, after all, the editor in maintaining the paper's pompous, humorless, glassy-eyed stare out upon daily life knows his subscribers.

But the vacationist, it is true, isn't greatly concerned with social causes and effects. He is meditating. There have been small newspapers which reflected the town's quaintness and color and humor; they, as well as the hurried city paper, could write the bland, leisurely story of a bit of caught life. There have been small newspapers which made their little towns known country-wide as symbols of homely humor and justice and neighborly content. The names of these papers were almost as familiar as those of the metropolitan papers. But . . . the vacationist smiles. He is a realist. And he remembers that the better known of these small newspapers were the ones which adapted their quaintness and humor to the levelling, standardizing requirements of the syndicate and spread it broadcast to a hundred newspapers as boiler plate.

LYNN MONTROSS.

Legend

She rose between us like a silver mist;
  She moved like music, like a requiem, there,
Called back to keep one last, unwilling tryst
  With two who had found her perilous and fair.
We spoke of Beauty, and you thought of her
  Whose hands were moonlight and whose breast was cloud;
Each word you uttered made us lonelier—
  She wore your desolate sonnets like a shroud.

Ah, well, there will be legends after we
  Have made words bleed and suffer for the sake
Of one loved woman. In futurity
  No shadow of her image will awake
Rebuke or adoration. Let her go.
Beauty remains: and it is better so.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

If America Joins the League

SIR: The Covenant of the League of Nations is a bad document. Five nations, in 1919, surpassed all others in military strength, but—I believe—in no other one quality. They assigned themselves the privilege of permanent membership in the Council. They clinched the matter by allowing no change in the Covenant except with unanimous consent of that same Council. (Imagine how successful the American Union would be if New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Virginia had secured a permanent majority in the Senate.)

Apparently there is only one motive which might induce the Council to consent to a change—the desire for America's membership. This country would then, I suggest, do well to make its entrance conditional on three concessions:

(1) that amendments should no longer require unanimous consent,
(2) that named nations no longer have a privileged place,
(3) that Germany and Russia be invited at once to membership.

And of these three the first is the most important: it is the only one which can open the way for the other two.

Professor John Dewey is, however, right. The American people and the American government, when they think of the price they would exact for their entrance into the League, have no thought of changes which might decrease their own power. They are interested in shielding from discussion their own pet selfishnesses—tariff, immigration, insular imperialism, the Monroe Doctrine. When public opinion is ready for such conditions as I suggest, I trust that even Professor Dewey would believe us ripe for useful membership. At present, when "going in" would mean giving up bargaining power in exchange for flattery and special favors, there is much sense in his "What's the use?"

EDWARD S. ALLEN.

Ames, Iowa.

The Cases of the Arkansas Negroes

SIR: In view of the importance of the cases of the Arkansas Negroes, whose convictions were reversed by the United States Supreme Court, and of your two excellent editorials pointing out the significance of the decision, may I be permitted to inform your readers that these cases were fought through all the Arkansas Courts and through the Federal District Court until they reached the Supreme Court, by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The Association's president, Mr. Moorfield Storey of Boston, argued the cases before the Supreme Court, obtaining the decision which elicited your interesting and valuable comment.

I should like to add to the comment on the significance of the cases a sentence from a letter of Mr. Louis Marshall, in which he speaks of the Supreme Court's reversal of the position it took at the time when he argued the Leo Frank case. Mr. Marshall says: "Due process of law now means, not merely a right to be heard before a court, but that it must be before a court that is not paralyzed by mob domination."

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People desires especially to have recorded its connection with this case, for it is the best possible example of successful effort to right inter-racial wrongs by peaceful, legal and educational means.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON,
Secretary,
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People.

New York City.

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Bernhardt

I CAN easily say, I think, that of all the players I have seen on the stage Duse is the greatest artist. More than any other, Duse brings to the art of acting the largest and most poignant idea, the profoundest sensitivity, the deepest and most exquisite response to experience. Of all the people in the theatre Duse has most in common with great poetry, great joy and sorrow and beauty, great living. But Duse's acting was, as one saw very quickly, a mere fragment of her; to the making of her art she brought out of her head a lot of old boards, as she said once, comparing herself to Dolmetsch and his method of working old timbers into instruments for music. You got the sense in Duse that her art arose from her life and what she was, as the form of waves and their light and color arise from the large realm of the sea. But whether Duse was the greatest actor in the world of acting—the greatest stage artist—is another matter.

If Duse is the greatest artist I have ever seen on the stage, it seems to me equally clear that Bernhardt was the greatest actor. By that I mean that, endowed as she was with the necessary tremendous gift, however limited in its range, Sarah Bernhardt of all actors was able to give it what came nearest to complete expression.

That Bernhardt was limited is obvious. She had a limited range of ideas, such ideas, for instance, as amorous seduction, pain and anger—the famous rage through tears—and the infinite throes of dying. She had certain type conceptions—limited in range if not in raw force—of the passionate, the ornate, the regal, the comic, the poetic. She had vast monotonies of temperament, however brilliant and strong. Her physical equipment—most of all the immortal voice—was extraordinary but limited in the possibilities of style. With these limitations and ideas she dominated the great classical dramatists; and to these limitations she forced new dramatists—Sardou, Rostand and the rest—to cater and made or wrecked them as the case might be.

But within these limits Bernhardt's expression was complete. So far as her particular needs went she was professionally competent in the last sense of the word. No vagary of mood or temper or circumstances could prevent her getting down to business. The quality and depth of her performance—the mere matter of sincerity hardly concerned it more than sincerity concerns the sun or the wind—varied of course. Her performances sometimes had to depend wholly on their sheer external competency. They descended often into what in another actor would have amounted to idle tricks; they sank often to what she chose merely to throw into them to get the occasion through with and off her hands. But they carried nevertheless to an amazing extent the thing that she meant them to convey. And this genius for the expression of herself carried not only into her hours of acting on the stage but into her relations with her public, her following carried to the press, the news of herself, to her advertisement, the grand rumor of her singularity and fire, to the manner in which she lived from day to day, her hunting tigers, standing on whales, going up in balloons, packing a coffin about with her, her love affairs, her extravagances, her photographs, her fury, her cars, her gifts, her debts, her sculpture and plays and flowers, her superhuman youth and finally her superhuman age. Bernhardt had, too, an undiluted egotism that very often swamped the play, the other actors, everything except the audience's response to herself. To her, art was a passion of self, a splendor of an artist's mood, though to her art was also the only important thing in the world. And it is true that in watching Sarah Bernhardt's acting, there was, as a number of her critics have said, something like the pleasure one gets from watching wild beasts in a cage.

But in saying that, these critics come to the heart of the matter and pay one of the ultimate tributes to her talent. It is precisely in this sense that Bernhardt rose, through her most adequate acting art, into her greatness. Her acting craft was such as might completely convey an enormous endowment of energy, magnetism, power.

It is this power that gave to Bernhardt's acting that fundamental, first, necessary element that all art must have. In art no serious and high intention, no moral bent, no purpose or idea, can take the place of this power, this energy, this abundance of vitality, at its first source.

This fact, however, has about it a biological unescapability that is to most human thinking none too comfortable. Serious realism, with its inclination to set down only the knowable, does not get very far with this endowment which has about it something of the quality of lightning and thunder and the inexplicable force of nature itself. Ibsen's parochialism would have set down Bernhardt's art as a magnificent perhaps but more or less arrant and useless egotism. Bernard Shaw's whole tone when writing of Sarah Bernhardt betrays his incapacity—since he cannot moralize or rationalize or socialize it to his own ends—for judging her complete achievement. And the whole tone of our democracy when it goes in for thought and philosophic explanation, tries, often unconsciously, to dispose of such a superior phenonemon as Bernhardt's talent by speaking of it as hard-working, devoted, persevering, rather than admit a born eminence in power, rather than confront the raw fact of an undemocratic summit in natural gift. But the public nevertheless saw always that Bernhardt was a stupendous event in human enterprises. Sarah Bernhardt amazed, thrilled, defeated them; she dominated even if she bored them; she delighted, exalted and made them shiver with ice on their spines. She established apart from herself, between herself and the moment out of human living that she wrought to her stage purposes, a magnificent whole idea, a popular image vastly entertaining and unforgettable, whatever else it might be, good or bad. And she made herself as an actor indistinguishable from herself as a woman. The public knew that Bernhardt might be limited in her range but they knew also very well that compared to many actors she might be limited somewhat as a star is more limited than a municipal lighting system, a tempest than Mr. Edison, and the express train between Chicago and New York than a Red Cross ambulance serving here and there. Bernhardt had something mythical about her like a volcano. People found in her something they could recognize though they might not be able to moralize it. They could see in her a kind of sheer life principle which they could enjoy without being able to understand, something that the instinct of life in them drove them toward as a magnificent example of what they sensed to be the source of all our energy and admiration, I mean elemental power.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Amalgamated Clothing Workers

Documentary History of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, 1920-1922. New York: New York Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. $2.00.

THE great union of workers on men's clothing continues with this volume its admirable practice of printing its records in uniform style for the convenience not only of its members but of students and the public. Few who have not had close contacts with trade-unions will recognize what a departure from tradition this policy marks. Some labor organizations, with their memories of the time when the mere existence of a union was regarded as a conspiracy, and with their renewed experience of employers' hostility, retain the posture of warfare so severely that they regard most of their affairs as strictly their own business, and resent any attempt to study their records. It has been remarked that many labor leaders suffer from an inferiority complex. The Amalgamated, on the contrary, has so thoroughly accepted the conception that a union is a public institution with a recognized function in industry that they court publicity, especially among the students and "intellectuals" whom the older unions sometimes regard as merely hostile meddlers. The union has thus built up a tremendous moral credit, one of those intangible and incommensurable assets which are priceless to any institution.

The report of the General Executive Board to the 1922 convention, and the proceedings of that convention, which make up the 525 pages of this volume, deal with what may be called the critical period of this young organization's history. There was no lack of crises in the experience of the men's clothing workers from the date of the formation of the union in 1914 to the convention of 1920, but their astonishing success in the formative period, won as it was in many bitter conflicts, nevertheless rode on several favorable undercurrents. There was, in the first place, the enthusiasm of a youthful and closely knit group which enjoyed the almost unanimous support of the political and other movements having access to the workers who formed the nucleus of the organization. There was the war, with its rising tide of prosperity, and its demand for uniforms. There was the necessity of governmental arbitration, which led to union recognition and made easier the establishment of good conditions. There was the post-war boom. During 1920 many of these currents turned about or were dissipated. The rapid growth of the union had brought into its fold numerous national elements, and many undisciplined in unionism or other group action. Its administrative machinery had become more extensive and unwieldy. Many of the members were outside the influence of the originally prominent socialist group, and political fissures had appeared within that group itself. A general depression appeared, which was particularly severe in the men's clothing industry. Governmental arbitration was removed, the "anti-red" hysteria was at its height, and the open-shop campaign accompanied it. Friends of the union were discussing among themselves whether it could survive the coming storm, and were admitting that the expected conflict would be a critical test of Amalgamated policies and personnel.

The report of the General Executive Board tells in great detail the story of the lockout which began December 1920 in both New York and Boston, and later extended to Baltimore. The events of this struggle were widely discussed at the time, and are here recounted with a spirit and a directness which make of them a narrative difficult to lay aside. In the background of the picture lie the months of previous slack employment, and the cold winter. The coming trouble was heralded by the disobedience of a decision of the Impartial Chairman by a single employer. Then came the formation of a war party in the Manufacturers' Association, their seizure of control, the repudiation of the Impartial Machinery and the inauguration of the lockout to substitute the old anarchy for industrial constitutionalism. The six long months of struggle were marked by determined efforts of the employers to break the morale of the strikers. The Association hired a skilled union-smashing attorney, and engaged Archibald Stevenson and other radical-baiters. They secured an extraordinary series of injunctions from the courts, accompanied by suits for dissolution of the union and for damages aggregating many millions of dollars. They inaugurated steps toward a senatorial investigation, which was killed when it appeared that the union would force the investigators to look into the whole industry and uncover its profits. The union was equally active in defence. It rallied to its support a notable list of authorities and publicists, who had been attracted by its progressive attitude. The internal organization of the strike machinery was in many respects a model. And in the end it won, reestablishing the impartial machinery, with the same chairman and the same conditions of work as formerly. The only loss, besides the losses inevitable in the disorganization of a great market by warfare, was a wage scale 15 percent below the peak.

The members of the rank and file who staunchly held out so long on slender resources deserve the credit for the victory, and their superb morale gave the best possible evidence that the spirit of the Amalgamated had not been overrated. That spirit was fused of numerous elements, among which probably the greatest was, not a doctrinaire radicalism, but a conscious and expressed aspiration for a better social order. Other elements were a belief that their organization, with its industrial form and its industrial action, was soundly built and would stand the test, and a confidence in the intelligence and complete trustworthiness of their leaders. The members identified the organization with themselves. Such imponderables, built up for years by a genuinely warm and progressive outlook, and by wise administration, it is difficult to overestimate.

There were other reasons for the victory, however, which must not be overlooked. One was the failure of the New York employers to draw into the war the Chicago and Rochester manufacturers, and so to cut off the chief economic support from the strikers. These markets were no doubt impressed by the probable cost of a struggle as compared with the profits of selling clothing with New York competition eliminated, but they were also conscious of a sincere respect for the Amalgamated organization and officials, and were moved by its constructive attitude towards production. Here again the union's progressive leadership and the good will of the "intellectuals" was of tangible value. While New York regressed to warfare, these markets went on peaceably to solve their problems and to make notable advances in industrial technique.

The convention was told not only of these matters, but of the firm establishment of the research department, of the educational department, and of the newly opened Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago. Supplied

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with information as to the gains in wages and hours, as well as about the loss in membership since the 1920 peak, the convention laid plans for organizing campaigns to recover and extend the union's numerical strength. Its legislative accomplishment was small, except to reaffirm its purpose to seek to place the burden of unemployment on the industry, to adopt a new constitution remodeled to suit the needs of the time, and to express confidence in its renominated officials. In the Amalgamated the executive bulks large, and it is recognized that the legislative bodies cannot do executive work.

The climax of the convention was the endorsement of President Hillman's proposal for the Russian-American Industrial Corporation. The main features of this plan to furnish working capital to Russian textile and clothing factories have been much discussed, but few outsiders recognize that it was a triumph of union statesmanship. Behind the scenes in the Amalgamated, as in all progressive unions, was the bitter political conflict between the "lefts" and the "rights," which had chiefly to do with matters apart from union policy, but still threatened the unity of the organization through an irrelevant struggle for its control. The skill with which this conflict was kept from the convention floor culminated in President Hillman's passionate speech in behalf of his proposal, which as a far-sighted and practical measure aroused the enthusiasm of the rank and file and was immune from attacks of the factionalists on either side. At least for the time-being, it resolved a barren conflict of absolutes and personalities into a pragmatic unity of action.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers now stand in an organization which has been proved by trial of fire. It need fear nothing from external attack for a long time, and it can face its difficult task of further organization with larger resources and stronger confidence than ever before. It is an unusually progressive and well led union. Yet invidious distinctions between it and other parts of the labor movement cannot benefit any one. Its merits do not arise from any doctrinaire belief in socialism or other specific for society; on the other hand its chief weakness may be exaggerated by internal conflict among the doctrinaires. Its merits are rather to be sought in a fine and hopeful spirit, in an alert leadership, in a resourceful concentration upon practical problems, in a vision of larger policies. Though still known officially to the American Federation of Labor as a "seceding" and "outlaw" union, it maintains cordial relations with large and important sections of the Federation, and as time goes on the breach may be narrowed. The Amalgamated is one example, frequently finding counterparts in other sections of the movement, of the best hope labor can now offer American society.

GEORGE SOULE.

A Main Street Realist

Picture Frames, by Thyra Samter Winslow. New York: Knopf. $2.50.

I AM thinking seriously of starting a League of Those Who Would Prefer a Rising Generation with More Sense. Its members would sign an initiatory oath that they regard Mr. Eliot's The Waste Land as mostly howling nonsense and Mr. Joyce's Ulysses as chiefly pathological reverie. They would further maintain that possessing a sense of humor should not debar one from a literary career; and that, while it is true that the sexes are sexual, the fact is now well known and need no longer be announced as a triumphant discovery. To save argument, only persons of a chronological age of thirty-five or less would be permitted to join the L. T. W. W. P. R. G. M. S., for which, I am confident, it would not be hard to recruit a large and enthusiastic membership.

Perhaps one's fatigue with the professional adolescents gives an unfair advantage to an author like Thyra Samter Winslow, whose first book, a volume of short stories called Picture Frames, has lately appeared. Here is a new writer, and a realist, whose work might nevertheless be read aloud even to the oldest parent without bringing the hot blush, etc.; who is sufficiently self-confident not to bolster her work with vulgarity nor to run away from criticism and hide in the cactus garden of incoherence.

The lower middle class, in small town or big city, is Mrs. Winslow's field. Her people are unpleasant, dull, usually poverty stricken. They do not win success by that stereotyped formula which is the curse of the usual American short story; nor do they fail by the equally stereotyped formula of the defeatist school. Life moves forward, in these tales, carrying the people with it. The recorder is not especially sympathetic with her characters; she understands but does not care for them. It is, to vary the figure, like a rather dreary day in an entomologist's laboratory; specimen after specimen ticketed, transfixed and put away alive and kicking. The dullness, however, does not lie in the mind of the author. Despite a certain monotony of style, due to the piling up of short, unadorned sentences, her attack is vivacious. Though she knows us so well, she is not downhearted. If she does not sentimentalize New York on the bright side with O. Henry, neither does she insist with Sinclair Lewis on counting the garbage pails along Main Street.

Every reviewer of this volume insists on retelling the plots of the stories in it—which is in itself something of a revelation of their character. The most striking is A Cycle of Manhattan, which tells the Rosenheimers' climb from poor immigrants to substantial Americans. Their patronymic becomes successively Rosenheim, Rosen, Rose, Ross; and from a garret on Macdougal Street they advance via the Bronx, Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue, to the proud height of—the same garret on Macdougal Street, now the smartest of studios. In psychological insight, however, this condensed epic is inferior to "Mamie Carpenter," the story of a girl from a small-town slum who sets her cap for Martin Embury, the rich man's son, and to A Love Affair, which tells what happened to Laura Morgan in her unrequited passion for Howard Bates, a story as pitiless as de Maupassant and one which gets closer to the secret springs from which the river of personality is fed than the Frenchman ever did. Another tale he would have been glad to claim is The End of Anna, the story of the suicide whose act is interpreted by each member of her circle in terms of his own secret desires; whereas in fact, Anna was merely bored.

Mrs. Winslow's narrative sense is even stronger than her sense of character; in fact, almost too strong. She evidently has to fight to keep her stories from becoming mere scenarios. With the natural increase in technical skill, no doubt she will conceal the mechanics of narration better and thereby heighten the already high illusion of actuality in her work. Distinctly, here is a new American realist to be reckoned with, of present significance and potential importance.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Rumor and Race Riots

The Negro in Chicago, by the Chicago Commission on Race Relations. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $4.00.

RUMOR, according to the authors of this volume, is an "irritating untruth." Rumor has been responsible, first and last, for a great deal of disorder in these United States. God only knows how many innocent victims we should have to charge to these "irritating untruths," if the whole truth were known. The Chicago race riot started in a rumor. The outbreak in Tulsa, on May 31, 1921, had a similar origin. In the Chicago riot thirty-eight people were killed and five hundred and thirty-seven injured. In the Tulsa disaster thirty people were killed, two hundred were injured, and more than a million and a half dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

A catastrophe of such proportions as these is not a mere breach of the peace. It has more the character of a great natural calamity; a sort of moral earthquake. There is something as inevitable about it as there is about any other part of the cosmic process. In a situation like this, in which we are, after all, so helpless, and where the possibility of fixing responsibility and securing justice is so slight, another sort of enquiry presents itself. Why in America, more than any other country, do we have race riots, mobs, lynchings, burnings and manhunts generally? What is there in the nature of our society, made up as it is of so many different racial and cultural groups, that subjects it to these sudden outbursts of the elemental passions? The thing is all the more inexplicable when we consider how tender hearted, humane and democratic we are!

Well, this is, as a matter of fact, precisely the question that the study of the Chicago race riot, which for the last three years and more has absorbed the attention of the Chicago Race Commission and a large staff of assistants, seeks to answer. In this report we have what is probably the first complete authentic and unbiassed account of a race riot that has ever been written. But this volume is not merely a report; it goes further and seeks, not merely to state the facts, but to explain them. Here we have for the first time, I suspect, a study in mob psychology that traces to these sources the motives and the passions that find expression in these brutal orgies we call race riots. In this report, too, students of the mob will probably find the most important contribution to the psychology, and the sociology, of the mob that has yet been written.

Race riots—that is in substance what the report has to say about the matter—have their origin in a state of mind; in public opinion. It is one of the merits of this study that it had recognized this fact. The most unique, interesting and generally informing portion of the 700 pages of the report is that concerned with what is referred to as "public opinion in race relations."

There is no attempt in these chapters to correct, change, or argue with public opinion. Public opinion is a fact, a fact to be analyzed, dissected, studied. Quite as important for his study as public opinion, are the mechanisms by which public opinion is disseminated—for example the newspapers.

A very interesting chapter in this investigation is concerned with what is called the primary, that is to say the inherited and traditional attitudes, of white people toward colored. Actually this is a study of what we may call the "racial creed," which with differences of emphasis and of justification, seems to be about the same for all normal white Americans. Rumor, if unchecked, can do incalculable damage to race relations. Included under the term "rumor" are those unfounded tales, incorrectly deduced conclusions, partial statements of facts with significant content added by the narrator, all of which are given wide circulation and easy credence by the public. Other forms of rumor are tales of unheard-of brutality and of plots and plans which are either fabrications or partial statements of fact and serve only to stimulate resentment, fear, and a desire for retaliation. Of the rumors predicting riots, one example will illustrate: During the riot a white man was caught in the act of crawling beneath a house in which Negroes lived. In his pocket was found a bottle of kerosene. He confessed that his mission was arson and justified his act by repeating to the police the current rumor that it was known that Negroes had set fire to the houses of whites "back of the Yards."

Starting with these premises it is not difficult for a white man to believe almost anything about a Negro, particularly if he is frightened or angry. It is when he is frightened or angry that rumor is so vastly devastating. Rumors, during the four days of the Chicago riot from September 27th to October 1st, "provoked many clashes" we are told.

> Reports of the numbers of white and Negro dead tended to produce a feeling that the score must be kept even. Newspaper reports, for example, showed 6 percent more whites injured than Negroes. As a matter of fact there were 28 percent more Negroes injured than whites. The Chicago Tribune on July 29th reported twenty persons killed, of whom thirteen were white and seven colored. The true figures were exactly the opposite.

The study of public opinion, so far as it concerns the races, is mainly a study of rumor. What are those "primary opinions" to which we hold so devoutly, even when we are primarily interested, or believe we are, in the Negro's welfare? What are they but the crystallizations of anecdotes, unauthenticated statements of fact and partial truths, all of them the naive interpretation of an ethnocentric imagination.

> Mythical stories and anecdotes about Negroes, accepted by whites, are usually popular. Many of them have had a reasonable origin, but as a matter of fact have long outgrown it. So long as they are uncorrected they hold and exercise a marked degree of control over personal conduct.

Myth is distinguished in the report from rumor. "A myth," as here defined, "is usually an expression of a wish or a fear." This is to describe the myth in the same terms that Freud describes and explains dreams. A myth, in this sense, is a racial dream, expressing an unfulfilled fear or wish. Fear and wishes are the content of the myth, its form is rumor crystallized and become traditional.

One learns from this study, finally, what race riots are. They are not feuds, nor any other form of warfare, no matter how irregular, in which old grudges are revenged and certain personal and sentimental issues are settled. No, they are merely a kind of carnival in which lusty young bucks, "Ragen's Colts" for example, and young boys, cut loose and kill innocent and helpless people or wantonly destroy property, while a curious public, fearful but

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fascinated, turns out, as one stated it, "to see how it is done."

The crowds that turned out to see how it was done might include a reporter and a photographer. Some of the pictures in this report showing the mob in action were taken so close to the event that it is perfectly possible to identify the participants.

This, as Mr. LeBon has said, is an age of crowds; an age in which the older order is in process of dissolution and the new order is not yet enthroned. In such an age and in such a time all the old bonds are loosened and the energies and passions they once held in check are released. These wild and savage outbursts of violence are, perhaps, but the playful antics of an emancipated youth seeking in this rude way an expression of its uncontrolled and lawless energies.

The Youth Movement in Germany, the Fascisti in France and the Ku Klux in America are, possibly, but the organized expression of this same restlessness and lawlessness which leads our young hoodlums into murder and arson, and the young intelligentzia of Germany, in its rebellion against convention and restraint, into a new and pagan idealism.

The difference is that the Youth Movement in Germany seems to be the birth pangs of a newer and better order and the race riots in America are the death throes of an order that is old and worn out.

One puts down the report with the conviction that man hunting is not, as has sometimes been assumed, a habit that we have inherited from the days when all America was a frontier; it is rather a part of the process by which America is now purging itself of its memories; memories which have lingered in the background of our national consciousness; memories which still control our thought and action, long after the world, to which belonged and of which they were a part, has disappeared.

What comes up in these irruptions we call race riots is old stuff, outworn ideas, ideas that belong to another age now dead and gone.

On the anniversary of the Coatesville, Pa., outbreak at which a Negro was slowly burned to death, John Jay Chapman went to Coatesville and held a prayer meeting. He said that he felt that the whole country would be better if one man did *something in penance!* There were only two persons at the prayer meeting beside himself, "and an anti-slavery negress lady" from Boston. But at this prayer meeting Mr. Chapman said some memorable things. He said:

"The subject we are dealing with is not local. The act, to be sure, took place at Coatesville and every one looked to Coatesville to follow it up. Some months ago I asked a friend who lives not far from here something about this case, and about the expected prosecutions, and he replied that 'it wasn't in his county,' and that made me wonder whose county it was in. And it seemed to be in my county. I live on the Hudson River; but I knew that this great wickedness that happened in Coatesville is not the wickedness of Coatesville nor of today. It is the wickedness of all America and of three hundred years—the wickedness of the slave trade. All of us are tinctured by it. No one place, no special persons are to blame. A nation cannot practise a course of inhuman crime for three hundred years and then suddenly throw off the effects of it." Less than fifty years ago domestic slavery was abolished among us; and in one way and another the marks of that vice are in our faces. There is no country in Europe where the Coatesville tragedy or anything remotely like it could have been enacted; probably in no country in the world, only in America. This, I think, is the moral, if there is a moral, of the report. It could only happen in America because public opinion is what it is. The people who are responsible for these outbreaks are the people who make public opinion. Let him who is without guilt among us throw the first stone.

ROBERT E. PARK.

Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets, by Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50.

"HEARN is, I believe, among the greatest of critics," writes his conscientious editor, Professor John Erskine, in the preface to these lectures on Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Browning and others, delivered to Japanese students. Among the finest of teachers, rather. For Hearn's task was simply that of any instructor in literature, in America. It was to elucidate literature to students to whom it is—through lack of equipment for reading it—necessarily a foreign language. By virtue of a subtle sensitiveness to content, a patient recondite mind and a clear diction, Hearn, with a shy respect for Victorian prejudices elucidated content admirably, and that is perhaps as far as class-room exegesis can proceed with its audience. But in no instance did he display a detailed sensitiveness to form, nor power of structural analysis, nor closeness of judgment, nor skill at aesthetic and cultural orientation, nor a structural gift for his own criticism. That is, he performed only the teacher's function of explaining content, and not that of adding a distinct term to a work of art, which is the critic's duty.

G. B. M.

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The New
REPUBLIC
Spring Book Section

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A Basis for Criticism

I.

IT is not a bad thing, now and then, to explore anew, with lantern and pick, the foundations of the accepted. Contumacious such an undertaking will always appear to some; and often, to the explorer, fruitless. We may find, for all answer, a solid infinite masonry against which our lantern is the tiniest firefly, our pick as impotent as a reed. But there is always the chance, on the other hand, that we shall find the accepted singularly like a cloud or mirage, and as insubstantial. Thus, if we march with our lanterns and picks against the foundations of "criticism," literary criticism, it is with a singular and increasing sense that those majestic foundations, which we had thought to be among the solidest, most adamantine and enduring of things, evaporate as we proceed. We read some sort of criticism almost every day of our lives, and if it is adequately thought and expressed we accept it—accept it, that is, in the relative sense that leaves us free to agree or disagree. What we accept is the underlying hypothesis—implied as much by the fact that criticism is read as by the fact that it is written—that criticism has, as it were, a point d'appui, a support, a true centre, and, in the upshot, knows what it is about. But *does* criticism know what it is about, or *has* it a true centre? Or is it not rather, if we examine it with a just scepticism, a remarkably disorganized and empirical thing, in which ultimately it is always the personal note, the note of private like or dislike and of irresponsible theory, which is loudest? One critic talks to us of beauty, another of truth, another of the good, another of significant form, another of intuition. We read one day that beauty is an absolute thing, a thing which exists independently of ourselves, that its canons are as definite as if engraved in bronze, and that a work of art may be judged by these canons as coolly as we might judge the points of a horse. But the next day another critic informs us that there can be no canons, and that a work of art can only be judged in relation to its own ideal self. We go from aesthetic criticism to biographical, from biographical to historical. . . . But is there no unity in all this effort? The critics, certainly, do not seem aware of any. "What is beauty?" Pilate might have asked, and the answer would have been no more forthcoming, one hazards, than to "What is truth?" Beauty, again, may be truth to the poet, and truth may be beauty to the scientist; but the poet and the scientist are two very different men, and for the former truth may as seldom be beauty as, for the latter, beauty is truth.

We cannot, in short, look very long or very hard at criticism, whether it be today's or that of the past, without noting that its most striking characteristic is its vagueness. That it is often, even generally, dogmatic, does not affect this fact in the slightest. It is natural to man to overstate that which he wishes to believe and wishes others to believe; he is never so unreasonable as when, with eyes as cloudily bright as the chimaeras they see, he gives himself up to the fine ecstasy of pure theory. For the merest phrase, the slightest shading of his theory, remote how-

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soever it may lie from the actual, he will lay down his life as if in defence of his very threshold. This devotion has its shining aspect, certainly, but rather because it supplies the energy for accomplishment than because it supplies any sort of precision. It speeds the poet but snares the scientist. And the more we examine criticism, from Plato and Aristotle to Coleridge and Arnold and Croce, the more we perceive it to be riddled with theory. Any sense of responsibility to the facts—and not to one fact, but to all the facts—is extraordinarily intermittent, and that critic seems to be a faint-hearted creature who has no grand solution to offer us, whether it be "emotion remembered in tranquillity," or "natural magic," or "intuition." What literature of criticism we have in English—and it is slight, for the Anglo-Saxon is not by nature a good critic—is littered with sham jewels of this sort, which have a pleasant gleam, but give little light. And this deplorable vagueness, this almost total lack of any system or scale of values, with its inevitably solipsistic outcome, is in a large measure the gift of what we call "aesthetic" criticism. Moral criticism of art makes no pretence to be anything but practical; biographical and historical criticism are constrained by facts; but aesthetic criticism—at any rate until the last few years, when it has been taken into the psychological laboratory—has been, for all its great brilliance and its accidental accuracies, for the most part an intense inane.

Its difficulty has of course been precisely its uncertainty as to what it is that is "beautiful." "Beauty," the concept or hypothesis on which the whole structure of aesthetic criticism rests, invoked on every page, in every paragraph, implicit in every slightest judgment, remains, despite our idolatry, singularly shadowy. Not that this is at all the impression which many of our critics give us—they talk of beauty as if they knew quite well what it was. That it "exists" they do not in the least question—they lift, for the far clear view of it, serious eyes, eyes perhaps a little proudly conscious that they see farther than most. It will be noted that there is something suggestive of the religious in this, and to that fact we shall return. For the moment, it is important to observe that these critics, every one of them, "assume" beauty as they might assume God, assume it as something detached, independent, not to say absolute, something which would exist whether or not there also existed any creature to give it praise. The error is ridiculous, elementary—elementary is the correction of it; but there is no correction which criticism so needs, just as there is nothing to which our critics so desperately cling as to their mythological lamia of a Beauty. "The unpardonable methods of a Nordau!" cries one; "the inexcusable methods of a Freud," cries another; as if, they go on to say, one could measure the spiritual with a foot rule! Any attempt at scientific psychological analysis is a horror to them. Analysis, to be officially "received" by them, must come with certain literary and aesthetic "references"—its terms must be beautiful, imaginative, analogical, rather than exact and dry; its analysis must be "literary" or philosophical or stylistic, that is, *of the document itself,* but not of the mind and body which produced the document in response to pressure. In short, the analyst will be tolerated only as long as he remains faithful to beauty, or, in other words, comparatively superficial, like Remy de Gourmont.

And meanwhile this beauty, in defence of which so much is said, cannot be presumed to have any existence whatever, in an objective sense. It is not an object, or a quality uniformly and universally identifiable, as one might identify, in any alloy, the presence of gold; it is the name we give to a pleasurable relationship which exists between ourselves and a given set of stimuli. It is, in short, if anything at all, a feeling—nothing more. We may and should attempt to analyze this feeling, to see what gives rise to it. Let us note at the outset, as confirmation of the absolute relativity of beauty, the very commonplace fact that what appears beautiful one year may appear empty or ugly the next. It is not the picture, the poem, which has changed, but ourselves. To that particular set of stimuli, or that particular arrangement of the set of stimuli, we no longer react. And thus we encounter at once the ancient question of form and content, that furious dialogue, sterile perhaps if we look to the adherents of either party for the whole truth, but certainly fruitful inasmuch as it has led by revolt and counter-revolt to countless new "movements" in art. Our out-and-out aestheticians will tell us that beauty lies in the "arrangement" of the stimuli, and that the precise nature of the stimuli themselves does not particularly matter; style is everything, and it is urged that Hamlet is a popular play not because it is a great work of art (which the critic questions) but because it is "the Mona Lisa of literature." What is implied here is that the emotional appeal of the content, the material, of a work of art is a spurious sort of thing which interferes equally with the aesthetic operations of creator and critic. What is suggested is that art be purged of this kind of emotionalism, and the critic be left free for an enjoyment purely aesthetic.

This attempt of the aesthetician to eliminate from art all that he cannot comfortably call aesthetic is certainly interesting, as showing what is perhaps a tendency which increases with civilization; and to that aspect of it we shall return. But for the moment we must contradict the aesthetician. We have seen that this pleasure is in the "arrangement" of the material—but is arrangement, after all, quite enough? Why is it that a pattern of bricks cannot possibly delight us as much as a pattern of words? Simply, one presumes to think, because in the one case the material has meaning and in the other case it has not. What we come to is a perception of the fact that it is not mere material "blocks" which, in a work of art, are "arranged," but something infinitely more vital: we have referred to the material thus arranged as "stimuli," but we might now go a step further and recognize these stimuli as, precisely, the keys to associations. It is true that some of the arts are more independent of "associations" than others—architecture perhaps most conspicuously. But it is suggestive to notice that the arts are held in importance exactly in proportion as their freedom to play on association increases: painting is more esteemed than sculpture, music more than painting, literature more than music. It would appear, then, that quite apart from his pleasure in the aesthetic aspects of a work of art, the human being desires of the work of art primarily that it should thus play on his associations. When the work of art performs this office successfully for him, he has the feeling which he terms beauty, with its accompaniment of exaltation or euphoria . . . But this of course really explains nothing. Granted that man has the feeling called beauty when his associations are played on with the requisite skill; granted also, despite the aesthetician, that for any appraisal of a work of art it will be therefore as important to weigh the "associations" of which it is made as the skill with which the associations are woven together; granted

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all this, we still are left in ignorance of why it is that this curious process, this absurd serious tickling of the soul, should be held by him to be so important. Why is it, in short, that he holds so dear his mythological lamia of a beauty, and regards it so idolatrously? One suspects at once that it must be because beauty is useful to him, performs some vital function in his life. And if this is true, we may perhaps begin to glimpse a new basis for criticism which will be a trifle solider than our cloudy configurations of words about style, intuition, the ideal, the good . . . the beautiful.

II.

But if our close scrutiny, first, of the relativeness of beauty, and, second, of the fact that beauty, when evoked by a work of art, is unexpectedly more dependent on "content" than on form, compels us to discard, for a critical basis, the purely aesthetic method, with its emphasis on "arrangement" or form; can we turn with any greater expectation to biographical criticism or historical criticism —will these methods afford us a basis any more solid and fixed? . . . Certainly, in the case of biographical criticism we feel ourselves to be at once on firmer ground. Here, if we sacrifice the privilege of finer flights and higher luminosities, of passages purple with a fine excess (usually of vagueness) we are rewarded at all events with a tangibility and a tough actuality that are unquestionable. We mean, by biographical criticism, the effort to see in an artist's life and personality the origins of his art. We have heard, we still hear, savage outcries against this method—it is by the idolators of art considered a despicable sort of espionage, this ruffianly pillaging of the great man's archives and arcana, this wholly unwarranted detective-work in his kitchen or sleeping-quarters. Does it matter what size his shoes were? Derision comes naturally to the tongues of the simple-minded—and "simple-minded" is perhaps the kindest term we can find for those zealots in every generation who ignore, resist or persecute any spirit of inquiry, any effort to extend the small horizon of man's self-understanding. Simple-minded certainly is the cry of these zealots today that the artist's "life" is not of the smallest importance, that his work is everything, and that if indeed there is any demonstrable relationship between the two—a fact considered by some extremely dubious—it at any rate sheds no light. It is not of the slightest consequence that Clare was mad, that Hearn was myopic, that Nietzsche was a paranoiac, that Wilde was homosexual, that Carlyle was sexually undeveloped, that Dostoyevsky was an epileptic—only quite accidental is it that Clare's verse is mad, Hearn's prose full of descriptions microscopically exact, Nietzsche's philosophy a philosophy of aggrandizement, Wilde's verse and prose epicene, Carlyle's prose harsh to give an impression of exaggerated masculinity, Dostoyevsky's novels vehement with the vehemence of the "epileptic equivalent," his famous "timelessness" and "mystic terror" and passionate interest in pain and evil all precise symptoms of the epileptic. . . . All these are accidents to be shrugged away.

But, of course, they cannot be shrugged away, and if the relationship between life and work in these cases is specially marked, it no less awaits discovery in every other case. Biographical criticism, in short, has proved itself indispensable to any critic who is not content simply to accept art unquestioningly as a blazing gift from God, a revelation of the "true" or "beautiful," and to accept the artist as God's instrument. But the method has the defect of all purely empirical method, namely, that it does not go far enough. It has the clear virtues of the "specific," but it must be observed that the "specific" only becomes wholly illuminating when seen in that sort of larger pattern which we call the "general": the "specific," if you like, is our document, and the "general" is the light by which we read it. We begin to see the biographical method as a very useful adjunct, precisely as we must see also the historical method—the latter attempting to do for the group, the era, the nation, the whole world of art what the former does for the individual artist. The defect of the historical method is precisely that of the biographical, that it gathers and arranges material, examines exhaustively the surface, but singularly, for the most part without a light. It "accepts" art as devotedly as the aesthetic method and is therefore content to trace influences, to chart the depths and shallows, to follow, as it were, the "stream"; but if it attempts to find the origin of the stream it attempts to find it rather in time than in cause. For the latter sort of exploration we may seek in vain in the work of any critic—we must apply to the psychologist, the anthropologist, the biologist.

And here we reach the real downward-ramifying mysterious root of the matter. For if we look shrewdly at the enormous accumulation of so-called criticism during our two thousand five hundred years of culture: this mountain of manuscripts, commentaries, biographies, histories, analyses of "style," classifications of art into kinds, attacks on art and defences of art: we are stupefied by the display of so multitudinous and ant-like an energy, but we cannot help also being stupefied—may the human race forgive us—by its stupidity. What feverish activity! What a furious, troubled come-and-go, what laborious carryings of grains of sand up the enormous grass-blade and down again. What quarrelings over atoms and deaths in defence of the indefensible! . . . For the truth is that all the critical energy of our two thousand five hundred years has been a blind energy, energy operating without the control of fact: creative of the literary, the imaginative, the poetic, rather than of the wise and comprehensive. Arnold, no less than Shelley, beats his luminous wings in the void in vain (not altogether in vain, perhaps, for his wings are luminous, his flight often spectacular and of an unguessed precision) and his plight, it is scarcely an outrage to say, is that of every critic since Aristotle. Granted that the critic needs to be imaginative, poetic; that his criticism should be a pleasure to read—that is, well-shaped; yet are these any reasons why criticism should not have a solid and permanent basis, or our beautiful ineffectual angels occasionally, from the bright void, come home? Come home, we mean, to the actual. Is there no conjuror's phrase which will cry them back? . . . Yes: there is. It is very simple, but, like David's pebble, it does the trick, it brings them down. It is a mere question. Let us ask them: What, in the life of civilized man, is the function of art—social, biological, psychological? . . .

The question has a certain absurdity; but its absurdity is conditional, and arises only because it is asked, by criticism, so late. It is the question that should have been asked at the beginning. And the implications of it are tremendous—its reverberations through the superb superstructure of "criticism" serve, like echoes, to reveal a hollowness. It means, put bluntly, that criticism is a mere chimaera, a happy indulgence of ingenuity and imagination, if it attempts to operate without a clear understanding of what

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it is, in the life of man, that art is for. If art has a function, as it must, then of what use is it to judge a work of art except in accordance as it fulfills that function? To do so is as ridiculous as it would be for an anatomist to value the human eye according to the color of the iris: it is to study the appearance but to ignore the use. And yet, is that not precisely what criticism has always been doing? Not always—we grant the exceptions. But the exceptions, we must notice, have been accidental, and in many cases have been rigorously excluded by the "critics" from any sort of standing: pulpit denunciations, for example, or the closing of the theatres in England in the seventeenth century, or the moral censorship to which English and American literature must submit today. These are acts of criticism which, for all their frequent stupidity, at any rate show an awareness of the fact that art is functionally and organically a part of man's life, and should, perhaps, be supervised with an understanding proportionate to its importance. Shall we recall also as an act of criticism which showed this awareness, awareness with disapproval, Plato's exclusion of poets from the Republic? It will not be amiss to do so, if we complement it with the doctrine, which Platonists have brought forward from time to time, that the best art is that which leads us towards the "good life."

But the good, it can be objected, is as vague and relative a thing as the beautiful—it is perhaps another way of saying "moral beauty," which again is another way of saying "accommodation of the individual to the tribal law." Each particular race, with its own particular casually-amassed conventions, will have its own conception of moral beauty and its own utilitarian standards for judging a work of art. If we seek therefore a functional explanation of art which will underlie not only these racial distinctions but also the distinctions between the good and the beautiful, our search will again take primarily the form of a question: namely, why is it that man so desperately craves the feeling we call beauty, or moral beauty, or aesthetic beauty, that he has developed, developed with religious zeal (as we said earlier) the activity known as art for the satisfaction of that craving? What is it that beauty does for him? Does it, as some of our intuitionists insist, constitute for him a sort of revelation, an apocalypse, a highest point of consciousness—a vein, as it were, between him and the infinite? That many critics insist on this view is certainly a testimonial to the religious seriousness with which man takes his art, but it offers nothing in the way of explanation.

And the real explanation will be not metaphysical but psychological. Let us rashly posit that the pleasurable feeling we know as "beauty" is simply, in essence, the profound satisfaction we feel when, through the medium of fantasy, we escape from imposed limitations into an aggrandized personality and a harmonized universe. This kind of satisfaction not only can be said to give rise to the feeling "beauty"—it *is* beauty. Its very esssence is illusion. And illusion is vital to us because of the restrictions, of every kind, that hem us in: we come into the world confident of omnipotence, and daily our power dwindles. Brightness falls from the air, pain teaches us that we are mortal, injury leaves us crippled, knowledge serves rather to show us our weakness than our strength. We look back to that earlier hour as to something infinitely bright and happy, we desire passionately and constantly to return to it, and we seek in day-dream to do so. It has been urged that in the day-dream, or art, we do not really seek to escape from ourselves, but, precisely, to find ourselves. But what part of ourselves is it that we find? Is it not exactly that part of us which has been wounded and would be made whole: that part of us which desires wings and has none, longs for immortality and knows that it must die, craves unlimited power and has instead "common sense" and the small bitter "actual": that part of us, in short, which is imprisoned and would escape? . . . There can be little question about it, and it is precisely of the associations connected with these major psychic frustrations that we have evolved the universal language of healing which we call art. Let us not hastily condemn this view simply because it savors of the often-flouted "new" psychology. Freud is not, by two thousand two hundred years, the first to see art as primarily a process of wish-fulfillment. Let us recall Aristotle's theory of katharsis, and rub our eyes. The difference between katharsis and wish-fulfillment is slight to the point of disappearance.

III.

We arrive, therefore, at our basis—we see art as fulfilling a definite and useful function in the life of man: feeding his vanity, fostering his illusions, aggrandizing his importance; exalting him (in the form called tragedy) particularly in his defeats; and from this basis we see a good deal more clearly and intelligently what is amiss in the tendency of modern criticism to concern itself only with the "aesthetic." We have already noted that what the aesthetician terms the "content" of art seemed to be perhaps more vital than "form"; and now, with a closer view of the psychological function of art, we are in a better position to emphasize that point, and also, perhaps, in the upshot, to challenge and somewhat further define the term aesthetic. The aesthetician, as we have seen, desires to eliminate all emotional accidents—which may creep in, with the material of which the work of art is made, like so many impurities—and, of course, all moral accidents, so that he may be left "free" for a comparatively pure contemplation of the "beauty" of style and form. But this, we see now, is a chimerical aim, for the material of art not only is, but must be, rich in emotional accidents, and it is possible to argue that the richer the better. To accept or reject a work of art solely in accordance with stylistic and formal neatness and control is palpably absurd: it is the method which exalts Dryden and scorns Shakespeare. Granted that criticism should deal exquisitely with the question of form: it should also deal profoundly with the question of material. What is more, if it is necessary to give a death blow to the notion of purely unemotional aesthetic contemplation, it is possible to do so in quite another way. For if the material of a work of art is cunningly chosen so as to give us a sense of escape, of freedom for unlimited power and *experience*, may we not then go further and say that a quite parallel pleasure is afforded us by the form of the work of art, which is cunningly chosen so as to give us the feeling of unlimited power of *expression?* If that is true—and there appears to be no objection to it—we can perceive at once how natural it will be for the professional artist or critic to overestimate arrangement or form, or style, simply because of his own perhaps psychotic desire for skill of that kind. He is, in fact, a special case. And a sufficient degree of skill in a work of art will give him the same sort of illusion of transcendency that, to the layman, whose desire is for experience rather than for expression, is given rather by the narrative in which the skill is employed.

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In other words, there can be no *fundamental* distinction between the sense of beauty as afforded by the content and the sense of beauty as afforded by the form: both are alike, in essence, the satisfaction due to a successful wish-fulfillment; and both, in the ideal work of art, are present. Again, further to reinforce our view that the merely aesthetic method will not serve, we may argue that while content can be discussed apart from expression, expression cannot be thus isolated from content. Style and form are, after all, only aspects of the thing stylized or formed: they are the explicit manifestations of an implicit mode of thought and feeling. The poet, in short, when he chooses words and phrases and rhythms (or, to be more exact, is chosen by them) is not primarily choosing the mere word, phrase and rhythm—primarily, he is choosing the thought, feeling or emotion which they represent; if thereafter he rearranges his rhythms or word-order to make them more "effective," or "sharpens" a phrase by a substitution, it is not devotion to style that bids him do so, but a finer perception of his mood, a richer view of the happily exaggerative associations of which it is composed. . . . This, it will be seen, puts more than ever, upon the aesthetic critic, the burden of psychological interpretation. The aesthetic cannot be isolated as a mere matter of linguistics and prosody and syntax. If it deal with these things it must deal with them largely as evidence, as symptoms. It will be able to judge from them whether or not the artist thinks clearly, feels deeply and richly, and with what excesses or defects of sensibility. It will be able to detect fraudulent emotion or second-hand thought. This will be its nearest approach to the merely "aesthetic," and this, clearly, is an inclined plane down which it must inevitably slip, at least, to the "merely psychological." From praise of Dryden's neatness and precision of style, his classical "elegance" and so on, the critic will find himself insensibly drawn into a discussion of the significance of these things—their implication of a vigorous, logical, but unoriginal mind which had, as its means of contact with the world, perhaps the thinnest and poorest sensibility that has ever been given to a famous poet; and had for that reason the minimum of emotional frustrations and the maximum of emotional shams. He will see, our critic, if he is honest, Dryden as the most brilliant example of that sort of artist whose triumph is a triumph of intelligence over poverty: he will also see the enduring reputation of Dryden as one of the most striking cases of a reputation artificially got and artificially kept, a reputation purely "literary": Dryden is an excellent example of that sort of artist whom the public, finding in him no sustenance, no illusion, no escape, would willingly let die. It is the public, in such cases, that eventually wins. It cherishes its "heroic" literature—it clings to its wild, rich, disorderly, emotional "Hamlet" despite all the critics can do; and the insubstantial or jejune, no matter how neat or clever, nor how much praised, it commemorates only in stone.

And this is a fact which the critic cannot ignore: he cannot, with a sneer, dismiss the tastes of the vulgar. Those tastes are important. They give us, in clearest view, the common denominator of art, the factor of wish-fulfillment without which art would not exist. The dime novel or shilling shocker, the lurid melodrama and explosive farce, the cosmetic musical comedy and the "movie"—these we have no right to designate simply as bad or inferior art. They *are* the art of the people for whom they were created; they give these people illusion, escape from themselves—and that is beauty; and if we wish to bring this sort of art into relation with the sort of art we consider finer, with The Golden Bowl or The Brothers Karamazov, we shall most accurately define the relationship by saying that the latter sort of art, while in principle the same as the former, is designed for people in whom credulity has been weakened by intelligence or self-awareness: the desire for escape, for illusion, is as strong in them as in those others, perhaps even stronger, but as they are more conscious so they require more persuasion, that is, greater wealth of documentation. For these people a simple unqualified statement of a thing or action has no longer sufficient magic. It must be elaborated. They would scarcely be content, as their predecessors two thousand six hundred years ago were, with the plain Homeric statement that the lovers "embraced." Virgil, Horace and Ovid, though they all felt it necessary to offer more detailed evidence, still leave something to be desired, and it is not till Dante is reached, with his "disiato riso" and "bocca tremante" that the incredulous but still wistful modern can find full conviction. One is tempted to seek the explanation of this growing demand for le mot juste in the fact that as a people becomes more articulate, so the language loses force or virtue, and requires, if it is to exert a magic, a freer use of the superlative and exaggerative. That, certainly, is an important aspect of the matter; it throws a light on the evolutions of style; but again, it is something which we ought to attempt to see, as it were, from underneath. For it is not the language that has weakened or been exhausted—language changes and grows to be sure, but that is another matter. It is rather that man himself, in growing from simple to complex (which means also from less to more articulate) finds himself with a constantly diminishing responsiveness to the simple. This has been brought about, of course, by the fact that language and therefore art (which is language intensified) by enormously multiplying the frequency with which man can expose himself to emotional stimuli, have ended by wearing out, in these regards, the connections. Unfortunately, as the connections which first wear out, the ones most overworked, are precisely the most important and most vital to him, the ones at the very heart of his consciousness—the connections with such of his concepts as love, life, death, hope, faith, time, space; and as it is still to these concepts that he desires, above all, to respond, if he is to obtain illusion in art and an increased sense of his aliveness and awareness and grandeur, so it becomes necessary for art to discover, for these concepts, connections always more circuitous and elaborate. And it is exactly in this perpetual effort to recapture—by subtlety, by fine nets woven of association, by stealthy circumlocution or arrows of bright facts discharged in clouds—the first fine careless rapture; to be smitten again by the simple in experience with something of the hiss and clang and suffusion of rich color with which, in our infancy, that experience was attended; it is in this restless effort that we have enriched our prose with a sharper perceptiveness, a finer tactilism, a greater array, as it were, of sensory "evidence," and our poetry with a symbolism always more exquisitely dim, a symbolism which, if it grows constantly more peripheral, is thus outspread only that its current may sting, by so many the more radii of association, that responsive centre which the single note will no longer arouse.

We come thus to see in another light the dichotomy between the tastes of the vulgar and the refined. The former class, being more primitive and less articulate, still responds to the simple, the comparatively unarranged and

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unselective, the bare, bleak, melodramatic tale, the unsupported statement, the crudely suggested and imprecise emotion, the type instead of the character: the latter, jaded by verbalism, finds the simple commonplace and flat, and must, in order to enjoy it, have it subtilized. Thus far, there is no great difficulty for the critic. It is in the perpetual warfare between the two classes that difficulty arises, in the attempt of the refined minority to impose its tastes on the simple majority, and vice versa. Here the critic, who inevitably belongs with the minority and shares its virtues and failings, must be on his guard. For in his passion for elaboration, the intensely articulate individual, whether layman or artist, is prone to one singular error: he is prone to forget that the essential aim of this elaboration is to re-create simple illusion, to restore color to the faded and actuality to the dull—to provide, in effect, a magic carpet—and he makes the attempt to isolate, for a special contemplation, his pleasure in *pure expression*. We have already dealt sufficiently with the inadequacy of this as a basis for criticism. But it remains to be noted that within bounds the tendency is interesting enough and increases, as we have seen, with civilization. By all means let us carry the doctrine of "beautiful elaboration" as far as we can—but let us remember, as critics, that if we try to dispense with "content" we shall almost certainly dispense, and dispense forever, with an audience. We shall have written, as it were, for the delectation of a handful of verbalistic lunatics. The great majority of mankind with less of our peculiar hunger for "speech for its own sake" and more of the normal psychotic hunger for imaginary experience, illusion, escape, will preserve of our works only those that thus serve their needs, being rooted substantially in good human soil. The whole affair works out cooperatively. The critics and artists drag the crowd into an ever-brightening glare of self-awareness, a process permitted by the crowd as long as the light is conceived to be flattering. What it wants is revelation, and the illusion of transcending itself. But those critics and artists who go in for the gesture: who, like deluded magicians, describe against the dark exquisite but unevocative curves of the sterile wand; these the crowd will bury without a pang. . . . The crowd will not forget that art is, after all, human nature's daily food.

IV.

The conclusion which we thus naturally reach, and which will no doubt be horrifying to some, is that art exists primarily for the fulfillment of an important social function, and that the only sane, just, proportioned and well-founded criticism of art will be that which understands this, keeps this constantly in mind, and judges the value of the work of art in proportion as it performs its function. This sort of criticism will be essentially "social." The biographical method, with its close study of the nature of the particular artist, and how it happened that heredity and environment produced him; the historical method, with its study of origins— religious and anthropological—and the influence of the past on the present; the aesthetic, which will become increasingly a psychological affair, a study of the precise nervous mechanism by which art achieves the desired effect; these methods will be simply the adjutants of our profounder social view of the whole strange fact and function. Criticism will, in short, go into the laboratory. It may well make up its mind, eventually, what sorts of art to permit and what sorts to proscribe. Nothing appears more likely than that it will thus develop a new and terrifying "social" puritanism—that it will put certain subjects, certain methods, under a ban, preferring, for example, the less to the more "sublimated." It may even, ultimately, abolish art altogether.

It is not suggested that all this can be done at once, or within a hundred years. That would be fatuous. But it is clear that criticism, if it is to escape from its present sterility and hopeless solipsism, its individual wish-thinkings, its childish idolatries and errantries, its mere baseless repetitions of likes and dislikes, however discriminating and sensitive, its little pedantic displays of surface wisdoms and its tireless empty reiterations of unanalysed concepts like "beauty," must resolutely begin afresh. And its only sure ground will be the biological. Nor need this inevitably dishearten artist and critic. The artist, better understood, both individually and functionally, will be better valued. And the critic of tomorrow will not be wholly unlike the critic of today. It will still be the critic of imagination, of delicate emotional instability, the creature only less psychotic than the artist himself, who will be the most valuable—he needs only to place much of the existing machinery of criticism on its new basis. A good deal of the method of criticism will be taken over unchanged. . . . If a Pater or Arnold might shrink from the prospect, one feels tolerably sure that an Aristotle would go forward to it with joy.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Many Marriages

Many Marriages, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

I WANT to Know Why.

That was the name of one of the best stories in The Triumph of the Egg, which is the same as saying a very remarkable short story indeed. Most of the other stories in that volume were remarkable—The Egg, Brothers, Out of Nowhere Into Nothing—so remarkable that it would be very pleasant to stick up a big sign "Detour here" in front of Many Marriages, and, leaving its gray and featureless expanse on the left, turn back Eggward. But we have a duty to discharge, and it must take chiefly the form of

"I want to know, why . . ."

Why Sherwood Anderson thought this novel worth "expanding," as he explains he has done to it since it first appeared in The Dial? Why didn't he let it expand itself, as air will if you leave it alone, or water will if poured over a flat surface. (Standing within the artistically admirable blockhouse of his volume of short stories, which he has deserted, we feel free to shoot Many Marriages full of holes.) We have a picture of Mr. Anderson "expanding" his short-story into a novel by running a steam-roller over it many times, from East to West, from South to North, as ruthlessly as would anyone who had determined to make a carpet out of a pancake.

Why did he do it? Because his thirst for the truth, abstract, naked truth, is insatiable. He has plainly had long drinks of it, mixed with poetry, with people, with hayfields, and times of day, and queer bits of character, and now he wants it straight. All through the Egg stories, you remember, there appeared, in his personages as well as in himself who spoke so much through them, a passionate longing to be told, to understand, to find out. His men

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and women want to know why, passionately, because their author wants to know Why more than anything in all the world.

Why, Why, Why? There was so much solid, tender, moving beauty, variety, strangeness in the earlier stories that this questioning cry was not heard as often as it was uttered. And yet, looking back now in the light of Many Marriages—a cold gray light—how much too much searching there was. Another self-conscious trick, more obvious, had its source in the same state of mind: an incurable, reiterated explicitness, the equivalent of buttonholing the reader, an insistence on his understanding that what he is going to hear now is of infinite importance, that it is so valuable that it must be told more than five times.

To exaggerate considerably, more than is fair, many of those stories were haunted by a mosquito, Mr. Anderson himself, who circled about his readers' ears humming "Listen. . . . This is important . . . here is the point . . . now listen . . . the whole thing comes down to this . . . I have discovered that . . . Listen again . . . Listen hard . . . now it's coming . . . Isn't that remarkable?" and indeed it was remarkable, and we have listened to few stories more whole-heartedly, but we could have done it all alone.

With all their poignant followings and overtakings of life's sweetest and subtlest mysteries, there lurked in those stories the seeds of a passion for pure research, research for truth's sake, for its own sake, for the pleasure of the following and the overtaking. And so, occasionally, the characters were outstripped, left behind, forgotten, and only the search for truth prospered. In Many Marriages these seeds have born dismal fruit. It isn't a novel, it isn't much concerned with people, or things, and the complex combination of the two that make life, but with one thing only, the truth about sex.

It is not a chase after truth in the open, hounds after hare. It is a crawling after truth in caverns, tunnels and mine chambers, a slow, stooping, agonizing search in all but darkness. A truth found here underground shining like gold will, if brought to the surface, turn out to be common glittery stuff which most people have seen before.

A tragic tale of suffering could be written about a man who, though crippled in one leg, was entered in a three mile cross-country run. The story could be written so as to make you feel that the cross-country running was the tragedy, and not the fact that the man was a cripple to begin with. The man Mr. Anderson is writing about in Many Marriages is a cripple. He is a common type of cripple, living with worse cripples: puritanism has warped, in all of them, their attitude toward sex. There is apparently no A B C of sex for them at all; sex is a terrible and profound mystery, to be gradually discovered after long, tense, and utterly humorless search.

Stripped of a good deal of its pseudo-biblical language, Many Marriages is little more than a glorified What Every Man, Woman and Child Should Know. John Webster decides to run away with his stenographer. Between the time of his decision (described as his discovery that "the doors of her being were open to him") and their actual departure, John Webster, in a strange, half-religious frenzy, takes off all his clothes and tells his daughter, in the presence of his wife, what Life is all about, and how and why he and his wife have never got on together, and how they might have, and how the daughter must not make the same mistakes. Obviously a pathetic story about cripples. But there are enough of them in the life around Sherwood Anderson for him to have apparently no idea he is writing about cripples. One can imagine an intelligent Frenchman—in France, we like to believe, there are far fewer of such cripples—reading Many Marriages and summing it up as a somewhat inaccurate case history written by one sincere, brooding poetical man, who had read the Bible backwards and had never laughed in his life, about another man with whom he had far too much in common.

This is not meant to imply that there is any autobiography in Many Marriages. Mr. Anderson uses the story as a convenient excuse for conducting the research for ultimate truth as thoroughly as possible. In the process he gives us many old truths in solemn disguise, and a few singularly disturbing new truths, or rather swift glimpses into dark and terrible or beautiful corners. Often we feel him to be very close to the Home Town of the Big Mystery, but most of the time he is hovering about imploringly in the suburbs, in those hallucinated, silent streets with shut, questioning, unanswerable houses, and carlines instead of points of the compass.

Too pure, relentless or passionate a thirst for understanding will lead the seeker to dark ravines or windy mountain tops, where he will probe the black waters endlessly, or, turning his eyes with too steady a question toward the sun, be blinded by it. The ways of understanding are perhaps nearer at hand: in people, no two of whom have ever been alike, and in their pathetic, trivial, humorous, mysterious ways of living. Perhaps one road to understanding is merely to watch them carefully, and guard in oneself against the temptation to prefer Man to the people of tomorrow and today. It is a real temptation, for there is little of oneself in other people as one watches them, while the natural longing to talk about oneself may be disguised in talk about Man, since it is hard for anyone to avoid inclusion under that heading.

I assume Sherwood Anderson to be a novelist. I assume that he still wants to give us the stories of human beings, whom he has understood and told about with uncommon beauty and truthfulness. The more he has talked about them as individuals, the more he has kept them distinct one from another, the more he has refrained from trying to seize that small final kernel of mystery which the novelist must leave with his character if he is to remain alive and real for us—the more has he been successful. Now that, in Many Marriages, he seems to have lost his curiosity about people, his understanding for each of them, swallowed up in a curiosity for ultimates, and a partial understanding of elementals, he is perhaps no longer a novelist.

A novelist? But why quarrel over definitions. The plain fact is that Sherwood Anderson has written an uninhabited, dull story, a groping, tense, strained soliloquy about a number of things—mainly to do with women—some of which are well known and others of which will never be known at all, and that he has written it in language at its worst not unlike the reports from heaven by the less illiterate mediums, without the slightest trace of that humor which makes the difference between seriousness and mere solemnity.

It would be pleasant to wake up and be told that Many Marriages was only a queer solemn dream, and then have the nurse (for such a dream would be most likely to happen in a hospital) pull up the blinds, let in the sun, and bring a tray with breakfast on it, and a copy of The Triumph of the Egg. I do not in the least mean to suggest that these stories are "sunny." Their light is far from that of high noon, or from the lights of the times of day most familiar to us. Yet at least they seem to be happening in daylight, above ground, in contrast with the gray, ill-

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lit, interminable tunnels of Many Marriages. Is not the figure who winds uncertainly, vaguely, doggedly about those tunnels with his flickering light, isn't it perhaps the figure of a man exploring his own brain?—But we must get back as quickly as possible to the Egg, if we are ever to leave the hospital.

What makes Brothers, I Want to Know Why, The Egg such remarkable and poignant stories? A combination of intense feeling with intense objective vision? A curiosity about people as individuals rather than as members of a race questioning, wayfaring toward eternity? A high degree of economy, of certainty as to the effect desired to be produced? A note, struck as if from an invisible fork at the beginning and holding us to the end in the same mood? A rare combination of command over a character with preservation of the essential mysteries of his nature? All of these things. Most of all, perhaps, the richness, the strength and originality of these stories lies in the skill, the completeness, with which the hand of the artist controlled the strong, rich and original imagination in which they were born. Like water, richness and originality, unless directed into a channel, have a way of covering acres of land with mere horse-powerless shallow liquid. In these stories Sherwood Anderson the researcher, the seeker after God, the salvationist, the soliloquist, was in the service of Sherwood Anderson the artist, the arranger, the poet, the musician. The mood, the urge in which it seems necessary, just, beautiful to write Many Marriages is far removed from the mood which creates Brothers.

> The leaves of the trees that line the road before my window are falling like rain—the yellow, red and golden leaves fall straight down, heavily. The rain beats them brutally down. They are denied a last golden flash across the sky. In October leaves should be carried away, out over the plains, in a wind. They should go dancing away.

A fine picture, a fine bit of feeling this. But you must read Brothers to know the extraordinary effect Mr. Anderson achieves by closing his story exactly as he opens it. The day opens with the appearance of the sun, and closes with its disappearance; each time it is the same earth, and the same planet adding or withdrawing its light from the earth: all things seem reasonably to be the same, save only the small fact of a reversal of motion. Yet how immeasurably different seems our world and ourselves, at dawn, in the chill glory of light beginning, from that same world and these same selves at sunset, at the warm and various and passionate death of light, when a million motes of life and trouble catch the last rays, color the air. So Mr. Anderson, by a simple repetition, by the simple device of sunset, sheds backwards over his story a poignant illumination. It is a device, an artificial effect if you want, yet how supremely natural, just and final it seems as he has used it.

It's a pity quotations cannot also be made from The Egg, from I Want to Know Why, from Out of Nowhere Into Nothing. But Sherwood Anderson at his best is unquotable, and those stories are organic wholes from which it is difficult to take any part away alive. Let them speak for themselves, for they are as fine things as belong to American literature. If Sherwood Anderson is still only a name to you, read them; if you have just read Many Marriages, read the stories again so that the novel may be forgotten and forgiven; if you haven't read Many Marriages, read them instead. More than once.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Boom!

The Goose-step, by Upton Sinclair. Pasadena: Published by the Author. $2.00.

OF all the jolly tars who sailed the seas in Gilbert's operatic navy, none was a better skipper than Captain Parklebury Todd. He was brave, if you remember. He was audacious. He took his frigate to the world's ends and brought it home again awash with many an adventure. One fault he had, and one alone:

> He couldn't walk into a room
> Without ejaculating "Boom!"
> Which startled ladies greatly.

Of late, with one of Captain Todd's own bosuns, I have been cruising stiller waters. Upton Sinclair has piloted me around the universities. We began with Harvard, Stanford and Columbia; went on to quiet little ports like Muskingum, Marietta, Emory and Henry. All along the way Mr. Sinclair discovered faculties starved into overwork, browbeaten by trustees who would not let them call their souls their own. He found dry rot in lecture halls, vice peeping through the trellised windows, an empty-headed "college spirit" governing undergraduate activities. But we never ventured into musty halls without preparing an explosion; we never walked into a room, without—like Captain Parklebury Todd—ejaculating "Boom!"

For sensation is Mr. Sinclair's relish, as well as his method of getting an audience to listen, and this new story revels in it. He calls the book The Goose-step. It is as sustained a piece of criticism as has come from the pen of a modern pamphleteer. A dozen colleges Mr. Sinclair exempts from his indictment; the rest he flays tirelessly from the first of ninety-three eager chapters to the last, panting a bit here and there, but never wasting time to catch his breath.

The chief object of attack—that "Boom!" without which no Sinclair book would be representative—is an unscrupulous Interlocking Directorate which rules the universities. "You might possibly think," says Mr. Sinclair,

> that our interlocking directors would be so busy with the task of managing our industries and our government that they would not have time to superintend our education; but that would be underestimating their diligence and foresight. They do the job and they do it personally, not trusting it to their subordinates . . . . You could not tell a chart of the Columbia trustees from a chart of the New York Central Railway, or the Remington Arms Company. You could not tell a chart of Harvard University from a chart of Lee, Higginson and Company, the banking house of Boston. You could not tell a chart of the University of Pennsylvania from a chart of the United Gas Improvement Company.

And so on. Almost every shift from one college to another is accompanied by some such introduction as the following:

> In order to reach Philadelphia from Boston we take the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which is a Morgan road, with a recent Harvard overseer for chairman, a Brown trustee for vice-president, a recent Yale president for director, and a member of the Yale advisory board, a Washburn College trustee, a Wellesley trustee, a Pratt Institute trustee and two Harvard visitors for directors. The second part of our journey is on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is a Morgan road—

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And so on. In other words, the same men who serve the railroads, mines and corporations as directors, frequently serve also as trustees for the universities.

It is perhaps about what might be expected. Turn the case around (which is what the Lusk committee did) and you can trace something of the same sort behind most anti-capitalistic institutions.—"The Rand School, which is a radical institution, with a candidate of the Socialist party as secretary, an organizer of the League to Limit Armaments for treasurer, and a member of the Peace Federation for advisor, a counsel of the Soviet Bureau in New York, a Socialist candidate for Congress and a former organizer of the People's Council for lecturers."—Proof enough? Of what? That Socialist institutions of learning are likely to be found in the hands of able and successful Socialists, and that able and successful capitalists ordinarily control the universities produced by capitalism. Here we have a quotient, not a plot.

Quotients, however, have a tendency to merge into plots when Mr. Sinclair handles them. He is the Ralph Easley of the radicals. I am able to wing my way along with him when he cites the pressure brought to bear on "radicals" in college faculties: Beard at Columbia, Laski at Harvard, Bolley at North Dakota and a score of others. He does that with a good deal of effective satire. He suggests the gentle insinuation of the publicity man who handles college "drives" that it is difficult to raise funds when Columbia or Harvard or North Dakota is suspected by its well-wishers of being a "hotbed" of anything irregular. He cites the angry mob of football-happy graduates who bellow for the sinner's head. He collects, in this book of his, more cases of infringement on "academic freedom" than have ever been bound together in one volume.

But to hook up God-fearing railway presidents with attacks on academic freedom is no task for a Sinclair. His method and his own dramatic instinct demand results far more sensational. To the last, most trivial extremity of the college system, those Interlocking Directorates must make their power felt. Their ingenuity is astounding. They are always Machiavellis, never Babbitts. Their effort to avoid internecine warfare, in the management of the universities, is many times more successful than any similar effort in the conduct of their own affairs. They see diabolically ingenious ways to profit from their educational interests: for instance—

> You may be puzzled as you read this book to understand why the plutocracy should be so anxious to own universities and colleges; but now you can understand. If you own a university or a college, neither you nor your friends can ever be sent to jail, and no matter what crimes you may commit, you can always be made respectable again.

It is in hero-villain terms that Mr. Sinclair writes his story. He never worries out a solution for some of his own problems: how, for instance, "the one free law school in America"—Harvard—can be free despite the fact that the same "Interlocking Directorate" governs it that governs Harvard College. He spends no time considering why there should be the same dry rot in the teaching of mathematics and literature and other wholly "non-contentious" subjects, that marks the teaching of the social sciences. He does not debate, along with the power of his Directorates, the influence of a host of other factors such as "tradition," "politics" and "class feeling" on the part of faculties themselves. For every kind of mischief you would judge from his array of plots and villains that he finds a single explanation. Is French taught uninterestingly? It is part of the plot to dull the student's eagerness for information. The Interlocking Directorates have taken care of that. Do graduate students, instead of studying the life around them, slave away at theses on "The Strong Verb in Chaucer" and "The Subjunctive in Layamon's 'Brut'"? It is a plot to distract their attention from the social revolution. Have college athletics descended to the commercialized battles of the arena? It is the same technique employed by the Roman patricians, to keep the mob amused while it was being plundered. How far this able, tennis-playing pamphleteer has let his instinct for the dramatic run away with him is suggested by this sort of thing: "They [the interlocking directors] own all the newspapers in Chicago, and Upton Sinclair stays in the city a week and not one of them pays any attention to his presence." But the plot is deeper. "More than that, we have got things so arranged all over the United States that Upton Sinclair can spend three months traveling over the country, stopping at twenty-five cities, and in all that time have only two newspaper reporters come to ask him for an interview!" Conspiracy? Or a matter of prizing novelty? I remember, last summer, asking the editor of a New York paper what news to send him when, in the course of a European trip, I reached Rumania. "Oh, give us a line on what they think about Russia and the Little Entente and the war with Turkey," said my editor. "Send us anything you like. Anything except the Queen."

There is a tradition that whoever takes issue with Mr. Sinclair about one of his own books is certain to be pounced upon, in turn, by an eagerly dissenting author. In fact, reviewing a Sinclair book has come to resemble less the production of a piece of literary criticism than tying down the trigger of a gatling gun. And since the lead will spatter anyway, I might as well complete my story: what perplexes me in Mr. Sinclair's dramas is not only his over-reliance on economics, and his way of studying psychological reactions without reference to psychology; I am troubled also by two characteristics in the method he uses to score his points. One of these characteristics might be called his employment of the reversible premise. When he seeks to show, for instance, that the Interlocking Directorates are the villains in the plot, blocking the road to great achievement, then the young men and women who come to the colleges are eager creatures, "thrusting themselves forward, demanding their 'rights,' clamoring for new things never heard of by old professors!" But when he sets out to paint the whole capitalist university system as an enemy of the workers, then these same young undergraduates are wasters "treating themselves to four years of pleasant idleness on papa's bank account." It often puzzles me, as Mr. Sinclair's plots unfold, to find his people shifting rôles.

The other point I have in mind is a carelessness, on Mr. Sinclair's part, about lapsing into a certain practice which both he and I have roared about, when it happened in the case of such a journal as our friend the Times; and that is the business of not naming sources.

I can appreciate, of course, how utter frankness is difficult when you are describing the adventures of a professional class whose hold on academic life is sometimes slender. Mr. Sinclair declares that he needs only the fingers of two hands to count the faculty members who were willing to write answers to his questions, even under pledge of secrecy; and at least part of that reluctance must be due to fear of trustees, as well as fear of possibly appearing in a

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rôle somewhat too dramatic, under Mr. Sinclair's stage direction. Nevertheless the steady omission of sources hurts this book. Nor is it professors, always, whom Mr. Sinclair is shielding. He shields his villains. It is not Mr. Ambrose Smith the oil king, or Mr. Jones the packer, who descend upon the President of Swarthmore with a demand for some young John the Baptist's head; it is a group of nameless people, characterized simply as "certain men of wealth." I have marked, in my copy of The Goose-step, fifty-six occasions on which Mr. Sinclair fails to cite his authority for some statement—not counting in those fifty-six one case in which, even vaguely, he identifies his unknown informant as some professor who cannot be quoted because he might lose his post.

It is with a thoroughly characteristic fillip that Mr. Sinclair brings The Goose-step to an end. College faculties must force freedom and a voice in university direction from the unwilling hands of their trustees. Having demonstrated for four hundred and fifty pages that professors are mere "academic rabbits," Mr. Sinclair calls on them for revolution. "The final purpose of this book, you will now realize, is to bring about a strike of college professors."

It is a wild shot, but it gets him off the stage. Captain Parklebury Todd can no more leave the room than enter it, without ejaculating "Boom!"

CHARLES MERZ.

The Art of William Blake

William Blake's Designs for Gray's Poems. New York: Oxford University Press. $85.00.

WILLIAM BLAKE died in 1827, after a long life of intense struggle and incessant industry. He was unappreciated by his contemporaries and little known to the succeeding generation, and it remained for Swinburne, Yeats and even Shaw, who saw in his impassioned utterances eternal truth, trenchant and condensed, to interpret his wisdom and spread his fame. During recent years a Blake cultus has arisen, a curious worship numbering among its devotees poets, artists, collectors, and fashionable amateurs. Until the modernist upheaval in painting, however, the great Englishman was celebrated mainly as a poet and prophet; but the Futurists, with their explicit stand for individual expression, discovered in him a symbolical affinity, and by preaching the doctrine of intuitive knowledge, opened the way to a more liberal understanding of his designs. For this reason this series of water-colors, now published for the first time, should be received with genuine enthusiasm by a relatively large public.

The Designs for Gray's Poems were executed about 1800, at Felpham, in a time designated by the author as "the darkest years that ever mortal suffered." They do not represent him at his best, coming in the middle period of his genius when he had put aside the fanciful grace of his early decorations, but was still to toil dimly and peer deeply into the imaginative world before he arrived at the unparalleled majesty of his Job and his Dante. Yet they are sufficiently staggering to throw an immortal curse upon those modern imitators who have debauched his designs, stolen his symbols, and turned his conceptions to a commercial advantage. The Expressionists would do well to bear in mind that the essence of their creed is personal freedom—originality at the expense of anything, even tradition—and that a visionary art admits of no imitation. There is no clear evidence that Blake had any special leaning toward Gray, but here, as in the case of Young's Night Thoughts, the illustrations were done with a hope of getting a few much-needed shillings. For some reason they were never published, and after lying for more than a hundred years in the cedar chest of an English lord, they are now beautifully reproduced in their original size and coloring.

The imagination of William Blake, in many of its aspects, is the most remarkable example of creative detachment in the history of art. In looking at the variety of his conceptual devices and the precision with which he employed his emblematic properties, one might reasonably conclude that in him a long line of mystical designers had come to fruition; but the English school of illuminators had ended at the close of the fifteenth century, and its influence had long since been dissipated. The art of his own day he denounced with violence, and holding that such leaders as Reynolds and Gainsborough were literal copyists of lifeless corporeality—the "blot and blur method of imitation," as he termed it—he attacked the sources of their practices and condemned in a wholesale fashion all Flemish and Florentine painting, though he was unacquainted with the lasting work of either school. Hence he became a tempestuous solitary, apart from all tradition, fiercely contesting the separation of reason and imagination, and laboring day and night at his creative business. Undoubtedly he had some knowledge of primitive forms, particularly of the Byzantine periods, but of the art from which he was directly descended, not temporally but intrinsically, the hieratic iconography of Babylonia and Assyria, he was completely ignorant.

But a man does not build form out of nothingness. Blake realized this more acutely than most artists, great or small, and in going through his prose fragments one is rewarded with such far-reaching philosophies as the following: "Form and substance are one—an original invention cannot exist without execution organized, delineated and articulated—man by his reasoning power can only compare and judge of what he has already perceived." Very early in his life he came to regard art, not as a stimulus to momentary erotic sensations but as a language for visionary truth. It was only natural then that he should look deeply within himself and express his ideas in symbolical form. As a poet he was extraordinarily sensitive to the phenomenal world—let his Poetical Sketches witness the purest verbal imagery that ever came out of England—but as an artist he remained sublimely aloof from external motifs, and drew his inspiration from the subjective materials tormenting his soothsayer's brain. This later condition calls for analysis, for it must not be forgotten that since the disintegration of Byzantine culture, Western civilization has produced but one symbolist worthy of consideration, the vehement genius who delineated God with convincing detail, ordered heaven and earth into a living, graphic cosmography, and created a new world at once plastic and imperishable.

Blake's art, like its ancient Babylonian prototype, is essentially anthropomorphic. He seldom went directly to life, that is, he did not "work from nature," as we say, and used no models for his figures. At war with the prevailing tendencies he travelled his own road, picking up figures and attitudes wherever he could find them, out of Michael Angelo, Raphael and the old engravers, and investing his trees and rocks with strangely human attributes. In due course he had invented his own representational

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forms, and as years brought him mastery and clarified his visions, his forms took their place in a unique and powerful reality. He employed the same types over and over again; in fact, the world became a profound arcanum in which physical life was transubstantiated into his own conceptions —fiends, angels, singing stars, and illimitable oceans, all brought together to personify the ecstasies of the spirit.

Since art is fundamentally based upon experience, most painters, and indeed the very greatest ones, have had to refer to an objectivity of some sort in order to prevent their drawing from developing into a repetitive method. When Michael Angelo began to lean too heavily upon his memorized knowledge of the figure his work became more scientific and proportionately less beautiful, and with lesser artists direct contact with nature is indispensable. There was Aubrey Beardsley, for instance, helpless before a model, unable to draw a line except through the assimilated thefts from the early Italians and the Japanese, and remembered because of his satanic skill in epitomizing the degeneracies of his age; and there are the modern abstractionists, men with nothing to say who go on talking their esoteric nonsense about the transcendental significance of pure form. If there are few good figure painters alive today, it is because few artists have the hope and health and intelligence to face the issue, and to put interest and meaning into a subject which comprehends every conceivable form and rhythm. Art without formal knowledge leads exactly where the Expressionists have taken it—into symbolism, and most symbolists are worthless. Blake is one of the rare exceptions. His vision happened to be so tremendously intense and creative that physical shapes—friends, enemies, animals, and what-not—and figurative impressions from old prints were reconstructed by his imagination and projected into the world again as ghosts or "presences," and these presences were vivid and embodied—he seemed actually to recognize them as the ordinary man his fellow creatures, and to see in them messengers of divine wisdom or wrath—and when he came to portray them they trooped before his eyes as "spiritual models," so he said, and he held them fast by a hard, wiry outline.

Two dangers beset the symbolist: he is either so highly subjectivistic that his appeal is limited to a few souls capable of kindred experiences, or he is inclined to emphasize representational matter at the sacrifice of his designs. Blake was guilty on both counts, but not often. For the most part his labors were applied to literary texts, but the text was incorporated into the design, and rendered with minutely consistent adornment. Thus his pictures are less illustrations than exemplifications of moods. With him art was, as I have indicated, a visionary language, and it cannot be denied that the poetic side of his genius lends impressiveness to his drawing. He was contemptuously intolerant of all light-and-shade painting, and could not reconcile canvases like Giorgione's Venus with the workings of the spirit. He lived, as he put it, in the "flat world of the imagination," and his drawings have the flatness of the Eastern masters, but they are, according to the severest aesthetic judgments, magnificently constructed. He had small knowledge of artistic anatomy and cared little for the human form as such; his fingers bear a superficial resemblance to Renaissance draughtsmanship, but taken from their context are thin and not well drawn—an engraver by training, he advocated the "definite" and "determinate outline," and while he relieved the vacancy of his forms by beautifully toned washes of faint and luminous color, he knew practically nothing of modelling. I mention these things, not as deficiencies, for he triumphed over them, one and all, but to show that as a purely creative artist he completely realized his conceptions, and curbed his imagination into a powerfully unified structure. When he sat down to work, it was with a clear and rational mind; his "memorable fancies" issued processionally, and he guided them into graphic order. He had no formula, no science, and no background—his sense of harmony was original and instinctive. Technically his best designs are flawless—that they shrink considerably when compared with the monumental art of the Italians does not concern me here—nothing is discrete or superfluous; the figures are secure, perfectly related and supremely appropriate. He knew the value of the long, flowing frieze to attain a rhythmical sweep of line, and how to balance his waving sequences with a giant oak, a stretch of ocean or a screaming god. His pictures are never static; the forms seem to move with a circulating activity—sometimes it is a complex universe of monsters with flying arms, and legions of angels; again it is a little wood-cut of a shepherd watching his flock; but in either case we are conscious of the living reality of his strange world. One of the illustrations for the Gray volume will make the modernists sigh and gasp: besides being composed in a style decidedly in vogue among the younger painters of today, it is colored in spectrum tints.

As is characteristic of Expressionists, Blake was incredibly productive. After his death, one Tatham, a theological ass, devoted two days to the burning of what he considered the inventions of a heretic. More than a hundred volumes in all! Notwithstanding this villainy, it is quite probable that his best work has been preserved —certainly we have abundant and glorious evidence of his genius. On the strength of the Job illustrations alone, we can call Blake a great designer, and we can also point to him as proof that a man can create a noble art even in desert periods—but such an art, being symbolical, defies imitation. Blake came of no school and left no disciples. His work is the crowning accomplishment of isolated conviction, and those who seek to duplicate it are foredoomed to failure. The modernists have other and safer gods to follow; a new tradition is rapidly consolidating, but at present the trouble seems to be too little conviction and not too much intelligence.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

Professor McDougall Returns to Religion

Outline of Psychology, by William McDougall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

FOR more than twenty-five years, beginning with Principal Lloyd Morgan in England and Thorndike in this country, psychology has striven to give a straightforward objective account of the behavior of animals. In the prescientific period of animal psychology, Romanes, Darwin, Lubbock and Lindsay collected interesting anecdotes, twice-told tales of travelers—expressive of the high order of intelligence of even the lower orders of animals. A good deal of such material was collected for the express purpose of showing the kindness and munificence of the Creator.

Slowly psychologists here have been trying to live down this heritage, and with some success. Indeed, since 1912

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the behaviorists have tried to convince an unwilling public that even human behavior is subject to the laws of natural science; that it can be understood, predicted and controlled. Now all this body of data, together with the scientific procedure by which it was obtained, has to be upset. McDougall tells us that his thirty years of research have brought him to see the futility of experimental laboratory psychology which has as its object, according to him, the furtherance of the doctrine of mechanical psychology.

The secret of Mr. McDougall's return to religion is revealed in his treatment of what he calls "behavior." Ships, clocks, watches and other mechanical contrivances do not "behave." "When an animal is dead, its corpse does not behave; it has become inert, the sport of the forces that play upon it from without."*

To mark off the "behavior" of animals from the movements of clocks and watches, he sets up certain criteria or marks.

The first mark of behavior is that animal *activity is spontaneous—the animal is not simply pushed or pulled* (at least by no one except the Divine Being)*—by forces external to itself; but, if it actively resists the push or pull, it is behaving.*

The second mark is the *persistence of activity independently of the continuance of the impression which may have initiated it.*

The third characteristic of behavior is that it shows *variation of direction of persistent movements.*

The fourth characteristic is that there comes an end to the animal's movements *as soon as they have brought about a particular kind of change in its situation.*

The fifth mark shows in such animal acts as follows: The cat, aroused by the squeak of the mouse behind the wainscot, gets up and goes to the hole and lies in wait—*preparation for the next situation,* let us call this mark.

The sixth mark is that some *degree of improvement in the effectiveness of behavior, when it is repeated by the animal, takes place.*

His final conclusion—the central thought in the book is *Behavior is purposive*—by which he means that human or infra-human *movements are made for the sake of attaining their natural end, and that this end is more or less clearly anticipated or foreseen.*

Let us choose from the author an example of purpose. He states that the earth worm will explore a piece of paper folded at the corners before it draws it into the burrow.

> Thus if the paper be a triangle, having one angle distinctly more acute than the other two, it will seize the paper at the apex of this angle, which obviously is the one that any intelligent being would choose if its purpose was to drag the paper into a narrow round burrow. I confess that this behavior is staggering. It certainly cannot be explained as either a tropism or a conditioned reflex. In some sense the animal appreciates by successive touches the shape of the paper, or at least the nature of its angles; and in some sense it compares these, and chooses the one most suitable to its purposes, as clearly as when I choose a shoe to fit my foot. †

It seems almost unthinkable that Mr. McDougall can be sincere in this development. He exhibits the same logical weakness as did Professor Royce in his search for the Absolute. It has been related of Royce that he first secreted the Absolute behind the philosophical piano, then hunted all over the philosophical universe for it, finally locating it with many expressions of surprise just where he had hidden it. Mr. McDougall's quest is the same and his logical method is the same. By definition he surreptitiously puts a little "purpose" (without calling it by name) into each characteristic of behavior. When he is through he says gleefully: "See what I have found in my thirty years' search—*purpose.*"

Having little inclination to follow science, he feels no compulsion in the matter of the primary laws of physics. He would admit possibly that either behavior must be defined in terms of stimulus and response (or, as he says, in mechanical terms) or else *a new and extra-mundane principle must be at work using the skin, muscle, bone and nervous system of the animal as tools.* Evidently he accepts the latter alternative cheerfully. Thus we have in McDougall a return to the doctrine of his eminent countryman, Bishop Berkeley, who, as is well known, "looked upon himself as a crusader who would retake the Holy Land for the spiritual individual." With him the acts of man are but God speaking to us in an orderly way.

Mr. McDougall's crusade is directed primarily against "a most misshapen and beggarly dwarf, namely 'behaviorism,' which is just now rampant in this country." But even the introspective psychology of Titchener, since it also reeks with the odor of mechanism, comes in for a full share of criticism.

Mr. McDougall throughout the volume speaks very scornfully of mechanists and of mechanical psychology, showing thereby a lack of philosophical grasp unusual in an Englishman. What we think he is fighting is *materialism,* a concept which, classically at any rate, is supposed to be anti-religious and anti-mystical. Surely Mr. McDougall has philosophic acumen enough to realize that one can picture the activity of angels and other spirits in mechanical terms. Indeed, the acts of the inhabitants of the Christian's heaven are generally described in mechanical terms. They move up, down, forward, backward, play harps, enter into attitudes of adulation and the like, all depending upon the stimulus set by one of the Trinity.

Mr. McDougall's purpose, like Freud's "Unconscious," Jung's "Libido" and Driesch's "Entelechies" is an insult to the corporate body of facts and deductions we call science. With purpose as a metaphysical presupposition, our behavior laboratories are useless. Strive as we may, we can never come at closer grips with this thing called purpose. Behavioristic psychology, on the contrary, has as its basic contention the thesis that observation made under experimental conditions does unquestionably enable us to come at closer grips with all of the factors needed to predict and control human behavior.

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* When does Mr. McDougall call an animal dead; when it ceases to breathe and use the arm, leg and trunk muscles? Probably for him at this point the spirit has flown; for him the animal is dead. But not for the biologist. We continue to examine the "corpse." Do all of the cells "die" at the same time? Do the nails grow after "death"? The hair? Do the nerve cells still conduct after "death," and for how long? These points are raised to show that Mr. McDougall is a spiritualist and not a biologist.

† Mr. McDougall might tell us why, since apparently there is no learning process involved here, a dog never grasps a walking stick by the end in order to get it through a crack in the fence (it is next to impossible even to teach him to do it). And why your dog never learns when you throw the ball at an angle against the wall that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. Criterion 5 above would help the dog a lot in meeting this situation.

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On Mr. McDougall's hypothesis all we can do when we see the earth worm tugging a triangular piece of paper into his burrow is to take off our hats, glance humbly downward, point the facts out to the youths who look to us for guidance and say, "What an example of foresight—what a beautiful proof of the wisdom of our Creator in endowing so lowly a creature with purpose," and then pass on to our Sunday dinner of fowl and mutton.

Nor shall we let the youngsters stop to try out a few things on the earth worm—for example, painting one side of the worm with cocaine and, yes, even allowing them to cut the worm in two to see if the posterior segment which has no supra-oesophageal ganglia, will behave like the anterior end which does contain them—or perhaps even feeding the worm or making it more hungry still, or drying it out, or increasing its moisture—in general learning to control that bit of behavior, and learning so much about that organism, its environment and the stimuli which affect it that they shall be able to set up situations which will make the worm behave in line with their predictions—in other words, studying the reaction of the organism until they become as much as home with it as they now are with the conditions that will bring about a union of hydrogen and oxygen. Such a procedure Mr. McDougall tells us he has learned to be futile.

One contention made by Mr. McDougall cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. He claims to be the original formulator of behaviorism. He states that he defined psychology in 1905 essentially as the science which aims to give us better understanding and control of the organism as a whole.

"But since my suggestion was made it has been adopted and carried to an extreme by the behaviorists. Hence, I am disposed to say: 'If you are going to get on it is time for me to get off."

The reviewer hastens to add that none of Mr. McDougall's ideas has ever been "adopted" by any behaviorist and, so far as we know, no behaviorist has ever been even positively influenced by Mr. McDougall's tenets. From his earliest writing he, like many Englishmen, has been a telepathist at heart. Even in his latest book he reaffirms this belief in the following words: "There is some striking evidence in support of the view that one man, A, may sometimes become aware of the thoughts of another, B, or otherwise be influenced by them, in some more direct fashion than the usual roundabout process of bodily or verbal expression by B and the perception of those expressions by A by aid of his senses."

One of his first acts in this country was to align himself with the Society for Psychical Research. In this volume, as well as in his others, Mr. McDougall has always been a dualist—a believer in the mind-body relationship as is shown by the following quotation: "I have consistently avoided, namely, the problem of the relation of mind to matter, of soul to body." He calls this the "master problem" (and this is the year 1923!). He promises us a solution of the problem in his forthcoming book on the disorders of mental life.

With all of Mr. Dougall's showing such a leaning towards something far more unscientific even than the introspectionist could be accused of, namely, theism, his writings could have had no influence upon the behavioristic school. If he had not voluntarily decided to descend from the behaviorist's vehicle at the beginning of its journey, the wagon would have been driven over sufficiently rough places to have hastened his decision. The term "behavior" as he uses it is not a scientific, natural science concept. He uses it entirely apart from its original connotation and to suit his own special (spiritual) needs. He uses the term, and so used it in 1905, as a kind of substitute for "consciousness," thereby conveniently avoiding that term which had been preempted by the other school of mechanists, namely, the introspectionists. His "behavior" is, in a word, expressive of *mind,* spirit, etc., and has inherent in it all of the mystical connotations that Hume so valiantly combatted.

The book is unsafe to put into the hands of elementary students or even of the general public. It breeds a lazy, genial, speculative, arm-chair attitude; when what we need is work, reflection about the results of that work, then more work under better conditions of control and more reflections, until the so-called mysteries of psychology stand revealed. For the behaviorists and the other natural scientists there are no mysteries—only ignorance of conditions. Intelligent work under controlled conditions will bring its own remedy for this malady.

JOHN B. WATSON.

Bread and Beauty

The Significance of the Fine Arts, published under the direction of the Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects. Boston: Marshall Jones & Company. $3.50.

THE Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects has set out to produce a textbook for the college student and the general reader which shall arouse interest in the fine arts and create "a better understanding and appreciation of them." After three years' study of the problem, the present volume on The Significance of the Fine Arts emerges.

The vulgar way of characterizing this little effort is to say that it is an attempt to "sell" architecture to the American public—those anaemic souls whose aesthetic sensibilities are developed through being immersed in textbooks, shuffled around foreign cities with the eye forever glued on the guidebook description, and herded into the lecture halls of museums on Sunday afternoons where the insistent clamor of a distinguished lecturer gives to the words "Classic" and "Renaissance" an almost palpable salivation of good taste. I have no doubt that the present book will do for these earnest, anaesthetic people all that it sets out to do: it will show them the isolated achievements of the past; it will set standards of formal excellence; and it will make them realize that an interest in the fine arts is respectable.

On top of all this, it will increase their appreciation of the architectural profession itself, by proving that it is a go-ahead body of real, live boosters, as Mr. George F. Babbitt would say, who know that education is only a polite, academic name for what the politicians call propaganda and what the business men, with exquisite accuracy, call "selling yourself." In sum, the present collection of ten essays on the fine arts will appear to the denizens of Gopher Prairie and Zenith as a new gun in that insistent battery of advertisement which assures us, from day to day, that bread is the staff of life, that clothing keeps the body warm and that roofs are necessary to ward off the rain. Despite the passionate convictions of advertising writers, humanity does not really doubt any of these elemental facts; indeed it has never altogether been lacking in love and ap-

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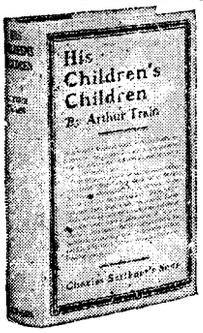

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preciation for the fine arts; and if we are starved for bread and beauty today it is because our elaborate mechanism of industry, as Professor Leacock once admirably pointed out, is devoted to producing "values" rather than "goods." Our architects' concern for promoting the fine arts through appreciation is very much like the effort of the starving woman to make a daub of rouge give the effect of a decent dinner.

If the present volume on the significance of the fine arts gave any hint as to how we might achieve fine art in the present society, or what changes are necessary before we can even hope for any general development of the fine arts, these American essays might stir up reflection and criticism in the way that Ruskin and Morris did for England in the Victorian Age or Professor Lethaby and Sir Henry Wilson continue to do today. As it is, the present volume at its best is an abstract exhortation to choose the Beautiful, and at its worst is an attempt to build up a public, from among the middle and upper classes, for certain National Brands in the Fine Arts line; and since neither at its best nor at its worst does it give a fresh breath of thought or a deeper level of insight, any attempt to give an account of The Significance of the Fine Arts must necessarily be a little tart and unkind. The snore of respectability is less offensive than the yammer of the marketplace. It is better for the architectural profession to be unrecognized than to be found in the wrong company.

Let me make plain that the animus I find in the book as a whole cannot be detected in any individual article. These essays represent the careful, scholarly work of men who are justly eminent in their profession; and their materials and individual points of view would necessarily serve as the background for any discussion on the historic place of the fine arts, or their opportunities in the modern community. If some of the contributors labor under the difficulty of attempting too much, as Mr. Bryson Burroughs does when he covers the history of painting in 32 pages, it is only because a textbook summary is obviously too frail a vehicle for such a difficult journey; but it goes without saying that when Mr. C. Howard Walker deals with the Classic or when Mr. Ralph Adams Cram traverses the architecture of the Middle Age, the work is within its limits not merely informed but imaginative. Unfortunately, these essays in appreciation find the significance of the fine arts in the finished work, rather than in the conditions and processes which made possible the ultimate achievement. As a result, too much of the book is devoted either to the sort of gallery-rapture which is usually inflicted in museums on groups of young ladies in the act of being "finished," or to such breathless attempts to explain technical processes and discriminate between good and bad workmanship as Mr. Huger Elliott's chapter on the Industrial Arts.

Even in the historic department, where the dust of history is not badly unsettled by the contemporary winds of doctrine, the present survey leaves one a little unsatisfied. Despite Mr. Cram's thorough appreciation for the civilization of the Middle Age as a whole, he confines himself pretty strictly to the cathedral builders; whereas the great moral of mediaeval building for us today is that it possessed the same characteristics in the cottage as in the Church, in such a blacksmith's shop as the Metropolitan Museum houses as in the neighboring Market Hall or Guild Hall: in short, the fine arts of the Middle Age did not emerge in isolated monuments; they were rather the outcome of a warm, loving, workmanlike practice which showed itself in Toledo armor in the same way that it showed itself in the Toledo Cathedral. If the present book were meant for artists and architects it would be well enough to stress the technical tradition and to pass hastily over the social environment: in a volume addressed to the general public it is inexcusable, for it fosters the silly, imperialistic notion that we can tear a work of art out of its context and create something "just as good" in a quite different environment—a belief which did more to pervert taste in America this last half century than the cultural impoverishment of the Gilded Age.

Of what use is it to give a careful analysis of Classic, Mediaeval, or Renaissance forms without giving an account of the necessities and desires that produced those forms—without showing, for example, that the monstrous extravagance of the Roman baths was in fact an escape from the monstrous congestion and defilement of Roman rookeries. When Mr. Edward H. Bennett says "House the people densely, if necessary, but conserve great areas for recreation" it is important to grasp that the aesthetic of city planning fostered in Europe by Haussmann and in America by Messrs. Burnham and Bennett rests upon the naïve acceptance of certain social conditions: historically, the crowded tenement and the imperial monument go hand in hand. In cases like this the significance of the fine arts is that they serve to create whited sepulchres behind which the corpse of civilization rots and moulders away. If this is all that our classic program requires of the fine arts, the fine arts stink; and that is why William Morris hated classicism and embraced the art of the Middle Age which rested, when all is said and done, on a more humane and equitable social order.

Were our architects really concerned to promote the fine arts throughout our civilization, instead of merely to increase the superficial area of patronage, would they not spend more time in pondering the social and economic structure of the modern community? Would they not worry less about the appreciation of fineness and more about the appraisal of fitness—that is, the fitness of the arts for contemporary society and the fitness of contemporary society for the arts? One of the reasons that the fine arts do not flourish in modern communities is that many of them no longer have a home; our paintings and our pieces of sculpture are produced, like Rousseau's children, only to be thrust into foundling asylums we call museums; if indeed the artist, in despair, does not commit infanticide. Did not Rodin have to plan a mythical museum so that he would have a destination for the great figures that entered into the Gates of Hell? Yet Mr. Lorado Taft in the whole course of a whimsical commentary upon sculpture never once feels called upon, apparently, to show that there is any essential difference for either the artist or his witnesses if his work have a setting provided for it or if it must wander aimlessly from gallery to gallery before it finds a resting place for itself.

It is an ungrateful task to prolong the note of disapproval till it becomes a wail; and I have gone so far only because I feel that the architectural profession, in spite of its present shortcomings, occupies a critically important place in modern society, and may do much to make or mar the mold in which the future community will be cast. What I miss in the present book is a full conception of the architect's power and dignity and responsibility: when Mr. Paul Cret says "not his the privilege of posing as the reformer of the manners and taste of his time," it seems to me that he is degrading the architect's function in-

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LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Webbs Sum Up

The Decay of Capitalist Civilization, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

IN this book my friends the Webbs present their case against "capitalist civilization." Though they are well known as constructive thinkers, they have in this case deliberately separated the intellectual process of attacking an existing system from that of constructing a substitute for it. They begin their preface by saying "We may as well forestall the obvious criticism that this little book [of 182 pages] is not constructive." It is not intended to supply a plan of reconstruction. For such a constructive plan they refer their readers to their other books.

This method of presenting a case has certain clear advantages. I have been engaged for the last forty years in various political attempts to diminish the social inequality characteristic of British civilization; and I feel the political value of a concentrated statement of the evils and dangers resulting from that inequality. But my final judgment, after reading this book, is that the disadvantages of the method are greater than its advantages. It is almost inevitable that those who employ it (particularly if they are writing, as the Webbs were, in the intervals of a hot electoral campaign) will subconsciously tend to present the existing "system" as a consistent body of facts, assumed to be wholly evil, and to contrast it with a new "system," assumed to be completely thought-out in theory, capable of being adopted by a single political decision, and wholly good.

On page 2 they give a long definition of "the term capitalism, or the capitalist system, or as we prefer, the capitalist civilization," as

> the particular stage in the development of industry and legal institutions in which the bulk of the workers find themselves divorced from the ownership of the instruments of production, in such a way as to pass into the position of wage-earners . . . dependent on the will of a relatively small proportion of the nation; namely, those who own, and through their legal ownership control, the organization of the land, the machinery and the labor-force of the community, and do so with the object of making for themselves individual and private gains.

This system they identify with the present economic condition of Britain and America. If one points to places in the world where a population of peasants own land and stock and use them for private gain, or if one imagines a factory district where most people own factory shares, though not normally in factories where they work, the Webbs are entitled by their definition to answer that though these may be cases of the ownership of capital for private gain, they are not instances of "capitalist civilization." And yet it is hardly possible for them to avoid using "capitalism" and "profit-making" in their narrower and therefore more inclusive sense, and implying that all cases of "profit-making," or of ownership of capital by others than those who use it, are part of the system which they denounce. They often treat indeed (e. g. p. 18) the term "the private ownership of land and capital" as the equivalent of what on other pages they call "capitalist civilization."

Historically their method almost forces them to assume that at a certain period, apparently about 1760, "capitalist civilization" began in Britain with the "Industrial Revolution," and that all the social evils existing after that period have been due to it. On page 9 they give an eloquent description of the state of child labor between 1760 and 1850, which they call "the results of the Industrial Revolution." But Crabbe describes the horrors of child labor at Aldeburgh about 1780, among a population of working fishermen, owning their own boats, and wholly untouched by the rise of machine industry. On pages 92-93 they refer to "the ruin which capitalism brought on those common resources which were not reduced to private ownership . . . the running streams which it pollutes, the thoroughfares and vast spaces which it befouls," without asking whether the water in a mediaeval guild-organized city was polluted, or the roads in a modern peasant village are befouled. On page 93 they ascribe to the "profit-maker" (whom they identify with the "capitalist system") the waste of such natural resources as timber, coal, oil, and fur-bearing animals, without hinting at the problem whether a western American landowning farmer, or a Lancashire town council, or an Italian Cooperative Society, or a Canadian hunter owning his own traps and guns, might not be equally wasteful. On pages 104 and 151 they ascribe to "the profit-making capitalist" the abominations of the British opium wars against China, without recalling the fact that opium-growing in India was a government monopoly.

Their method further leads them to imply that the abolition of "the ownership of land and capital by private individuals" will necessarily and automatically bring to an end that crowning horror of modern civilization, wars and conquests undertaken for the control of such resources as iron-fields or coal-fields or rubber forests. They quote for this purpose, from a speech of Lord Milner's in 1906, "This country must remain a great Power or she will become a poor country." (p. 150.) But Lord Milner was not urging the British control of natural resources abroad for the sole or main purpose of increasing private profits. Though a nationalist and an imperialist, he is a socialist, and he desires to consolidate and extend the British Empire for the uses of a collectivist British nation. Would a French socialist necessarily become a supporter of "capitalist civilization" if he desired the occupation of the Ruhr by a French collectivist nation, as some of the German socialists, during the war, desired a Mittel-Europa controlled by a German socialist army? His desire would

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be criminal, but would it be "capitalist" in the sense of the Webbs' definition?

Again, the whole historical perspective of the book seems changed when the Webbs declare that "in our opinion, this dictatorship of the capitalist did, on the balance, in spite of the atrocious debit account for which Ruskin invented the word "illth," more good than evil; at any rate, from the latter part of the eighteenth to about the middle of the nineteenth century." (p. 78.) What would Marx have said, if, while writing the Communist Manifesto in 1848, he had been told by a fellow socialist that "the dictatorship of the capitalist" had, up to that time, "done more good than evil." They explain and perhaps justify their statement, first by pointing to the enormous increase of total wealth produced by capitalism in its earlier stages, and next by arguing that there was in 1850 "no available alternative." (p. 83.) There were no sufficient powerful motives for collective action, and owing to the want of "officials who were even moderately honest" no "public or collectivist organization was practicable in Britain." (p. 83.) But if socialism was quite impracticable in 1849, then (as the Webbs have abundantly shown in other books) it can in 1923 only be successfully introduced into Britain or America in so far as the effort of change is accompanied and guided continuously by the effort of free and disillusioned constructive thought.

Perhaps the main danger of social criticism, when separated, even in a single book, from the intellectual process of social construction lies in its effect on the mental attitude of those who are attempting in any country to change the existing social order. Marx in his propaganda deliberately made such a separation, and the social history of the last six years in Europe shows the results. When the North Italian workmen seized the factories in 1919, or the Bolshevists established their proletarian dictatorship in 1917, they up to that time had been compelled, unless they were to be denounced as traitors to their class, to think only of the "abolition of capitalism." When the responsibility of action came to them, the relation between the producer and the consumer, between trade unions and management, between territorial democracy and vocational organization, were all problems still to be solved by experience and analysis. Those points were fiercely debated among the revolutionists themselves, and their inability to solve them at once led to economic disaster.

Sidney Webb is now a member of Parliament and a leading official of the British Labor party. He will be responsible for a large part of the official propaganda of his party. He will be told every day that "the business of an opposition is to oppose," and that a political party is held together by insistence not upon future constructive problems, as to which they may disagree, but upon opposition to the existing "system," as to which they are completely agreed. Yet the possibility of the permanent creation of an egalitarian British Commonwealth may ultimately depend in no small part on the question whether Sidney Webb M. P. remains the same man, with no dissociation of personality, as the joint author of Industrial Democracy and the Consumers Cooperative Movement; and whether he and his party keep effectively before the minds of their constituents the fact that wise administration and wise reconstruction alike involve in a modern society both respect for the effort of intellectual liberty, and a constant recognition of many other problems as well as that of the relation between absolute economic individualism and absolute economic collectivism.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

Knut Hamsun

Knut Hamsun, by Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

IF it be true, as I am persuaded it is, that a writer is appreciated only in proportion as his readers share to some degree the experiential basis out of which he creates, there will always be a need for books about books. And as the great writer is always he who is pushing the borders of creative work farther into the unknown, it is for him especially that we need a guide into the strange lands where he is pioneering.

Whatever measure of greatness we concede to Hamsun, we can scarcely deny that he is perplexing and difficult to appraise. He is perplexing to us, not merely because he is Norwegian by birth and, even more, because he is "Nordland" by upbringing, but because he is strange among his own people, ex-centric, tangential and because he has lived much in the deep places of human experience from which a man rarely finds his way up to the smooth surface of words. His peculiar genius—or gift, if you prefer—is obscured by circumstances that need interpretation to make it stand out for what it is.

For such interpretation Hanna Astrup Larsen, editor of the American-Scandinavian Review, is qualified both by racial affinity and by a year's preparatory study in Norway as fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. Her little book has the distinct merits of presenting Hamsun in his environment and in the light of his experiences, of supplementing our imperfect knowledge of his work (only eight books out of twenty-seven are translated into English), and of refraining from that dogmatic expression of personal views which sometimes passes for criticism.

Her first problem is to make clear the preponderant and enduring influence of Hamsun's stock and upbringing. To those who have not seen the great colored spaces of the North, so little perturbed by multiplicity of line, and who have not moved in their incredible lights and fragrances, words can bring only partial realization of Hamsun's deep-rootedness in the wild earth of Norway; yet they help to an understanding of the primitive quality surviving in him that makes him feel dismembered in the life of cities. It is a quality very different from our modern artistic-scientific worship of Nature; it is the racial feeling of being a living part of Nature increasingly perceptible in his philosophy.

Perhaps no greater mistake could be made than to try to understand Hamsun through our knowledge of Ibsen, his countryman. To Hamsun the cosmopolitan literary-social world in which Ibsen's ideas fermented is the "shallow soil" that produces nothing but fungus growth of decay. He studied it at first and with bitter satire but he ran away from it years before he wrote the first part of Wanderers.

The most striking anomaly in Hamsun's temperament, as Miss Larsen points out, is that he can be at once so restless and so deep-rooted in his native soil. Of peasant stock, he has returned to a life of intimacy with the earth, which is the very foundation of Growth of the Soil; but there were many intervening years in which he passed on a veritable pilgrim's progress through experience. These wanderings were due only in small part to the drive of poverty, much more to a certain vagrancy of spirit, seeking everywhere some unformulated desire.

And much of this experience was of a sort not easily made articulate, not easily understood by those who have

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not shared it. Hamsun's first book is a mere record of his own deliriums of starvation. Its truthfulness is attested, perhaps, by Edvard Brandes' story, given by Miss Larsen, of how he was impelled by the author's starved appearance to read the manuscript, and having begun, was impelled by the record itself to stop and send money before he could conclude the reading. But the immediate success of Hunger was not due, as I think, to recognition of great quality in the book but merely to the avid interest of the nineties in all new sensations. And never again did Hamsun take the scalpel to dissect his own experience, though the effects of it on his temperament no doubt explain the atmosphere of melancholy, in the early work often tinged with bitterness, that colors his presentation of life. So to read his work, knowing nothing of the harsh conditions out of which it has grown, is almost certainly to misunderstand.

Nor is unfamiliarity with his origin, temperament, and experience the only source of misunderstanding. For those who do not read Norwegian there are at least two others. One is the fact that Hamsun, more than most writers, is dependent upon a racy, suggestive and effective style that must be the despair of his translators. The result is that through no fault of theirs but only through the essential differences of the English and Norwegian languages much of the poignant beauty of the original is lost.

The other source of misunderstanding will before long be remedied by further translation. It is that his works must be read in chronological order. Taken up at random, they give a bewilderingly wrong impression. Pan, for instance, cannot be judged absolutely: it is as much a product of the Yellow Age as Nordau's Degeneration, which it preceded by only a year. Its fineness does not grow out of the love tragedy of the egotistic, morbid hero but out of the pervading sense of brotherhood with things—with the little insects, with the trees, with the very stone by the door—that was and is Hamsun's. As a whole, it must be read against the background of the age that produced it. So his other books should be read in order, to bring conviction of his sure, though irregular, growth; for this continuity of growth is one of the indubitable marks of his greatness.

Continuity of growth away from the small centre of self with which all writers begin and the greater part end —that I find the key to Hamsun. He began with analysis of his own life, with satire on the world about him. Now he presents life; he is working toward a theory that may help to explain it.

This searching attitude helps to account for his method and to atone for his defects. Though realistic, he is not photographic; he chooses the unobvious details that make the picture live. I remember the feckless little parson's wife in the scuffed shoes that had to be patched at last. Sixteen-year old Olga in her homemade blue skirt, with the blue that came off on her fingers as she sewed—in her sister's jacket that she would grow into, Olga toeing in and toeing out on her way to church—I shall not soon forget Olga. From the innumerable small roots of life, Hamsun chooses one here and there and makes it blossom into a lovely piece of art.

His defects are a part of the same process. His plots are clumsy and badly-put together; he is not interested in plot except as a means of soul-growth. He is not at home except in his own countryside, and he does not move freely outside his own horizon of Norway. It is easy to catalogue flaws in this book and that. But with all his limitations and defects, he has in Growth of the Soil given to the dumb peasant a voice; he has shown the power of the earth to create normal and beautiful life; and he has written with a power of detachment and a strength of sympathy that promise greater work for the future.

The one book which he could write supremely well and which I fear he may never write is an account of the strange pilgrimage in life by which he is building up his philosophy—his autobiography. It is needed for the understanding of his work, and his work is worth understanding. Meanwhile, we have Miss Larsen's study, which although not the only one of its kind, is the most useful as a key.

EDITH RICKERT.

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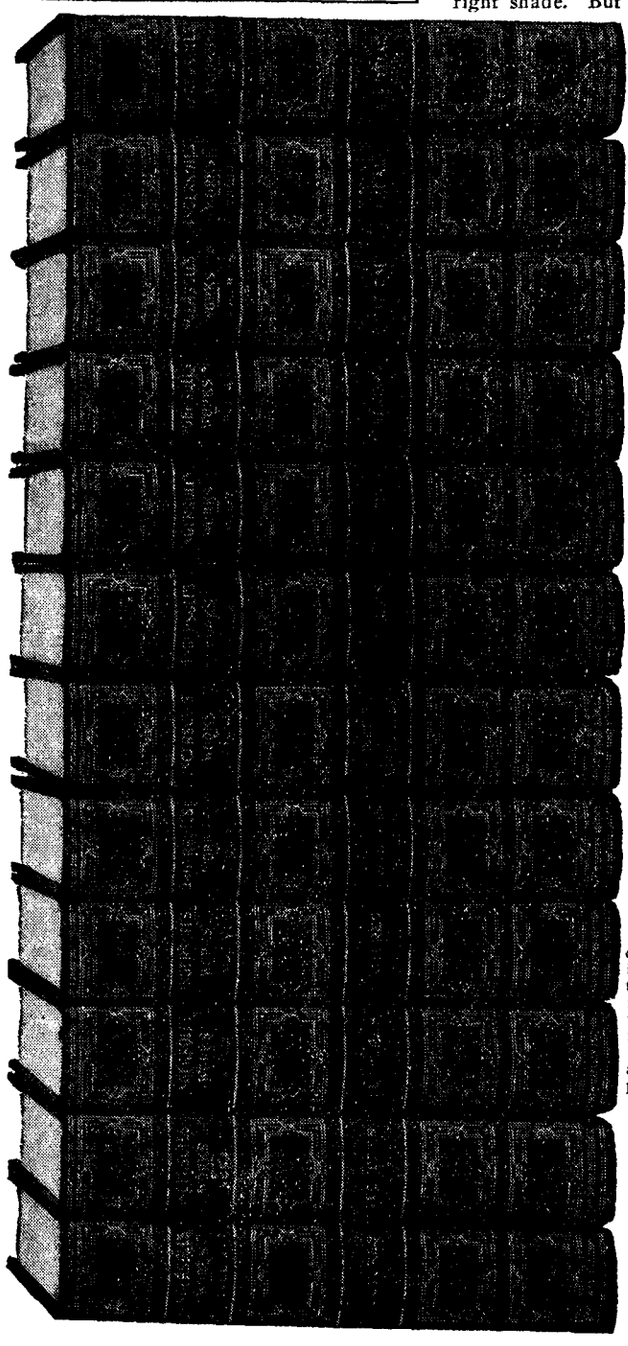

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Contributors

CONRAD AIKEN is an American poet and critic at present living in London. Among his most recently published volumes of poems are Priapus and the Pool and Punch: The Immortal Liar.

THOMAS CRAVEN has contributed numerous articles on aesthetics to the Dial and the New Republic and is the author of Paint, a novel recently issued by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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